HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXV.—No. 1295. FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 15, 1881. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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"GOD REIGNS, AND THE GOVERNMENT AT WASHINGTON STILL LIVES."—Garfield.

"I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practiced, wise directions.—
* * * * * *
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world;
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament;
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation."
—So said Prince Henry when he became King.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 102 *of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued October* 11, *contains portraits of five young people who have come prominently before the public of late, namely,* MOLLIE GARFIELD *and her two elder brothers, and* KATE SHELLEY *and* CHARLIE WHITE. *The adventures of which the two last-mentioned young people are the heroes are related in stirring verse by* MARY A. BARR. *A sketch of the boyhood of the late* PRESIDENT GARFIELD *will be read with deep interest, and the continued stories and other articles combine with those already referred to to make an unusually attractive number.*

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

In response to numerous inquiries, HARPER & BROTHERS *beg leave to announce that the following numbers of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *thirteen in all, giving a detailed account of the tragedy at Washington, from the assault at the railroad station to the burial at Cleveland, will be sent by mail, post paid, on the receipt of One Dollar: Special Edition, July* 8, *and Nos.* 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294. *The illustrations include portraits of the President, his wife and mother, and of the assassin.*

ADDRESS HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *A* SUPPLEMENT *containing a double-page illustration by* HOWARD PYLE, *entitled*

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS,

will be issued gratuitously with the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE significant fact of the late Republican Convention is that the verdict of the Legislature upon Mr. CONKLING has been overwhelmingly sustained by the party. When he was defeated at Albany, he announced that in "the near future" the few who had voted for him would be sustained, and the majority would be rebuked. He and his henchmen devoted themselves, with all the great advantage that the death of President GARFIELD and the possession of the party organization gave them, to pack the Convention. A more reckless and unscrupulous course was never taken by more desperate politicians than that which the CONKLING-PLATT combination took to carry the preliminary organization of the State Convention. In one case, acting under "Boss" instructions, nineteen members of a County Convention of sixty-six, without even a plausible pretext, marched out of the hall, and "contested" the seats which more than two-thirds of the members of the Convention attested by their signatures to have been regularly and properly filled. The case was so shameless that even the CONKLING State Committee put the regular names upon the roll without debate. But the "contest" was renewed in the Committee upon Credentials, and that committee, after a question or two, with unanimous contempt dismissed the pretense. This is but an illustration of the frantic efforts made by the CONKLING machine to prevent an honest and fair expression of Republican sentiment. The machine put upon the roll those who had no more right to their places than the "contestants" in this case, and votes were cast for the machine in the decisive struggle of the Convention which were rejected by a large majority of the Committee upon Credentials, and upon the plainest showing. But all the desperate swindling was in vain. By the imposing majority of 108 in a Convention of 496, the despotism which has so long cursed the Republican party in New York was shaken off.

The result has an interest for the whole country. If the machine, by means of the New York city rotten boroughs and wholesale Republican disfranchisement, had succeeded in stifling the voice of the party, and had won an apparent victory—for apparent only could it have been—the claim would have been instantly made that the Convention, fresh from the people, had reversed the verdict of the Legislature upon Mr. CONKLING, and that the New York Republicans justified his quarrel with President GARFIELD, and supported his assault upon the constitutional powers of the Executive, and his abandonment of the Senate to a Democratic majority. In view of such apparent approbation of New York Republicans, the President might properly have invited Mr. CONKLING, as a victim of cruel injustice from the Legislature, into the cabinet. That is now impossible, politically speaking; and not less difficult and perilous would be an obvious submission to unofficial dictation from him. No public man in the political history of New York has been more emphatically rejected as a leader by his own party, and no lesson is more impressive for aspiring politicians who depend upon an unscrupulous "machine" and a corrupt spoils-of-office system to maintain their ascendency.

The great error of the Convention was the carelessness by which the resolution for reorganization of the party in the city was lost. This was due to the sly motion of Mr. BLISS to postpone the consideration of the question until after the nominations had been made. The Convention was then tired out. But while the rural anti-machine delegates had left the hall in large numbers, the machine forces from the city and Brooklyn had been kept well in hand. The resolution of reorganization was lost by five majority only; and thus by sheer negligence the Convention has left a formidable nucleus for the reconstruction of the machine which had been overthrown. The nominations are acceptable, and the Convention will be always memorable as that which emancipated the party. Had the elections been fair in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, had the great mass of the party in those cities been allowed to vote, the crumbling machine would scarcely have squeaked in the Convention. We regret all the more the failure to complete its downfall.

THE NEW YORK PLATFORM.

THE declarations made by the Convention, both in the manly and positive addresses of the chairmen and in the platform, were sound and excellent. The tribute to the late President did not omit among his claims to respect his vindication of the constitutional rights of the Executive, thus specifying the very point of difference between Republicans of the GARFIELD and the spoils schools. Confidence was professed in President ARTHUR and support promised, "believing that he will carry out the views expressed by him in his inaugural address, and that his administration will be in line with that of his lamented predecessor." The denunciation of fraud as the worst offense of a Republican against his party, and the hearty approval of the prosecution of the Star Route robberies, were pointed and admirable. The platform approved the submission of the question of the freedom of the canals to a popular vote, and commended "the wisdom, prudence, and economy" of Governor CORNELL's administration. The reform declaration was as follows:

"*Fifth*—That we pledge President ARTHUR our earnest support in every effort for the enforcement of civil service reform, recognizing as we do the fact that abuses in connection with the dispensation of official patronage may be largely eliminated, if not wholly removed, by wise and practicable methods of administration."

The remarks of the temporary chairman, Senator WARNER MILLER, upon this subject were as follows:

"Another question has agitated the American people, and has been eagerly discussed, and that is the question of civil service reform. [Applause.] By the logic of events that question has passed out of the category of discussion. It is no longer a question whether we shall have a reformed service which shall see to it that minor offices are properly filled by competent men, and in such a way as to embarrass neither the executive or the legislative branches. I say that that question has passed out of the realm of discussion. It is now a question of how it shall be best done. [Applause.] That is the only question. The Republican party has made the only record upon that that has been made. We owe it to the old Democratic party under JACKSON that 'to the victor belong the spoils,' and whatever of advance has been made yet upon this question has been made by the Republican party. It is for the Republican party to take up this question, and properly settle and adjust it. It may require time to do it; it may require experimental legislation; but the people require that something shall honestly be done, so that when we may number 100,000,000 of people, as we shall do by the end of this century, the people shall still be free, and that this shall not degenerate into a nation of office-holders and office-seekers." (Applause.)

And the permanent chairman, Mr. DEPEW, said:

"While the Democratic party, in a new birth of reform, professes to-day that civil service should be rectified where it is not in power, and practices to its best ability the old spoils system where it is in power, the Republican party has professed, and in spite of obloquy and ridicule, in spite of difficulties which came from manly, educated opinions among the practical politicians, it has carried into effect for the first time in our history the practical and absolute principle of civil service reform. [Applause.] As the chairman said this morning—and that idea will not be denied—it has pressed upon us not only by necessity, but it demands our hearing by the very essence of murder, that we must take out of our institutions the incentives of assassination. We must have the President of the United States the constitutional ruler of the republic, and remit to business principles the administration of the government. [Applause.] There is no political difficulty whatever in so harmonizing politics that we can secure the best, the most intelligent, the most honest, service for the republic at the same time that the office-holder shall not be deprived of his manhood or his ability to exercise his political functions." (Applause.)

These frank and strong expressions were only becoming in a Convention which had triumphed over the spoils machine; and to those who know the essential and necessary timidity of a party Convention in dealing with this question, the three declarations together show what great and substantial progress the good cause has made.

THE ARMS OF NEW YORK.

THERE are probably very few New-Yorkers who could at once describe the arms of the State. But the curious ignorance and indifference in regard to them are shown by the fact that the arms were improperly represented in Independence Hall at the Centennial of 1876, and upon the stone contributed in 1851 by New York to the National Washington Monument, and even upon volumes of its own laws published by the State. The uncertainty concerning the correct device was so manifest that the Senate of the State in the spring of 1880 appointed the Governor, the Secretary of State, and the Comptroller a commission to report to the Legislature an exact description of the arms, with suggestion of measures to secure the invariability of the device. The commission made an exceedingly interesting report, which has been supplemented by a paper by Dr. H. A. HOMES, the State Librarian, who knows more of the subject than any other man in the State. It was Dr. HOMES who in a previous paper called public attention to the singular and shameful indifference by which the real device was disappearing.

The arms of the State are intended to supply a device for its official seals. Those of New York were designed under a statute of March 16, 1778. Various laws subsequently referred to a description of the design deposited in the office of the Secretary of State. But it has not been discovered, and the commission have had to depend upon three different representations—engraved military commissions issued by the State in 1778, the flag of the New York regiment of Colonel GANSEVOORT in 1778 or 1779, and the painting hung over the pew of Governor GEORGE CLINTON in St. Paul's Chapel, in New York, in 1785. The two former have been discovered only within the last five years. The three differ in some points, but the resemblances are obvious, and the commission wisely decided to retain nothing of importance that does not appear in two of the designs, unless it should be evidently significant, and its rejection a loss. The arms, therefore, are a shield, with a shore at its base; beyond, a smooth stream, with a ship and a sloop approaching each other; and beyond this, three mountains, of which the middle is the highest, and above it seven-eighths of the full face of the sun. The crest is an eagle turned to the right of the shield, and standing upon two-thirds of a globe, upon which the coasts of Europe and America are outlined; and the supporters are a figure of Liberty on the right of the shield, holding with her right hand a staff resting upon the ground and bearing a Liberty cap, her left hand supporting the shield, and close to her left foot a royal crown overturned. On the left of the shield a figure of Justice blindfolded, holding in the left hand a balance poised, and in her right a sword with the point upward. The motto is the word "Excelsior," upon the scroll on which the supporters stand.

Dr. HOMES, in an interesting historical inquiry, identifying the sun with the cognizance of EDWARD Duke of York, afterward EDWARD IV., and holding that four of the five men who were appointed to design the arms, JAY, LIVINGSTON, MORRIS, and HOBART, were educated men, interprets the arms with great felicity. The shield symbolizes in the full sun the name and idea of old York and the Old World; the mountains, river, and meadow, with the ships, convey the name and idea of New York and the New World, supported by Justice and Liberty, and discarding monarchy. The eastern and western coast lines bring the two continents together, while the eagle proclaims that "westward the course of empire takes its way." The commission hopes that the publication and circulation of the report will stimulate public interest and discussion, which will lead to wise legislation determining finally and perpetually what the arms shall be, how the device shall be preserved, that the authority of the State should be given to none but the standard arms, which shall appear without variation upon all official seals, excepting those of notaries, which shall have a modification, and upon all letter heads and envelopes in the public offices, and upon regimental flags.

NEW YORK AND NIAGARA FALLS.

IT is a matter of prime importance to the State of New York that the most sublime and renowned natural object within its domain, the Falls of Niagara, is in imminent danger of being so hideously disfigured as to lose its own character, and to involve the State in a lasting disgrace. The cataract is treated both as a water-power and as a circus show. A late graphic and admirable letter to the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, evidently written with ample knowledge and upon careful observation, says:

"From the commencement of the rapids to a quarter of a mile below the fall the American shore is covered with structures of various kinds. There are ugly stone dams, a grist-mill, the promenade of one of the hotels, the laundry with its linen hanging out to dry, and the 'Mammoth Bazar.' Then comes Goat Island bridge. Beyond this is a stable, with its walls covered with advertising placards; then a lumber-yard; then several shanties where so-called Indian goods are offered for sale; then a pulp-mill, with its great heaps of sawdust; then Prospect Park, with its fancy wooden structures and electric lights. Below the Suspension-Bridge the position of the gas-works is marked by a broad stream of tar running down the bank. Below this there are half a dozen mills built to the edge of the cliff. Bath Island is the little island between Goat Island and the mainland. On it are several cottages and the burned ruins of a paper-mill. A tall brick chimney rises amidst heaps of blackened stones and rusty machinery. This mill is being rebuilt, and new dams are being thrown out into the rapids. In the centre of the rapids above the bridge a large sign nailed to a log bears the inscription, 'Go East by the —— R. R.' Standing on Goat Island and looking across the rapids, one sees this motley crowd of buildings of all sizes and colors, and bearing all sorts of announcements. This is what exists already. At the present time the manufacturing interests of the place are making great strides; land is being purchased along the banks for the erection of new mills, and everybody is talking about water-power and canals. The railway companies are giving special rates; I am told that one man gets his flour taken to New York for fifteen cents a barrel. To-day the almost incredible statement was made to me that some factories are to be built at the

foot of the cliff, by the water's edge. To do that, the remaining trees will be removed, and part of the cliff dug away. Of course a canal would then be secured by building dams in the river. This would be the worst blow which the scenery has received. Near Goat Island there are a number of little islets, nothing but green specks in the water. These will be taken next; a dam reaches already to within twenty yards of one of them. The late JIM FISK did his best to purchase Goat Island for a site for an enormous summer hotel, and his plan is being revived again."

All these things have been observed, and they have excited apprehension, but they have never been more forcibly aggregated and impressed upon public attention. Mr. CHURCH, the artist, whose picture of Niagara is the most famous of all the pictures, called the attention of Lord DUFFERIN to the degradation of so great a natural wonder. This degradation has gone so far that Niagara has ceased to be a desirable resort. Its natural sublimity, indeed, is unique. "'Tis true," says Father HENNEPIN, who first discovered it, two hundred years ago, "Italy and Suedeland boast of some such things; but we may well say they are but Sorry Patterns, when compar'd to this of which we now speak." It has been a bourne of universal travel, like the Alps. But to suffer its natural sublimity to be destroyed is to repel the pilgrimage of the world, and to show ourselves unworthy to be the guardians of so supreme a treasure of grandeur and beauty. It is to expose ourselves justly to general contempt. If Great Britain should permit even the little Koh-i-noor to be mounted in tin and pinchbeck, she would point against herself the ridicule of the world. But what if we suffer Niagara to be set in an environment so vulgarly repulsive that its solemn charm be lost?

Lord DUFFERIN appreciated the suggestion of Mr. CHURCH, and he proposed to Governor ROBINSON, of New York, that the immediate neighborhood of the cataract should be made an international park. Governor ROBINSON submitted the proposition to the Legislature. A memorial followed to the Governor and the Governor-General, signed by many of the most distinguished Englishmen and Americans, asking that legislative action be taken. The commissioners of the New York survey were instructed to report on the character and tendency of the defacements of the scenery around the cataract, and the propriety of State action. They made a comprehensive report in 1880, expressing the opinion that the State alone can preserve Niagara, and recommending the reservation of a strip of land a mile in length upon the bank, widening from a hundred feet at the head of the rapids to eight hundred feet at the falls. From this strip all unsightly objects should be removed, and the ground laid out simply with trees and walks. The commission suggested that the State should buy the land, for which $1,000,000 would doubtless be a fair price. An act to this general effect has been introduced twice. On the first occasion it passed the Assembly, but did not reach a vote in the Senate; upon the second, it did not reach a vote in either House. Shall the effort not be renewed? It is not proposed to sacrifice the water-power, but only to lead the canals through which it has to pass now to a greater distance. There is no loss proposed of any kind to anybody, but simply an outlay of $1,000,000 to preserve unimpaired forever a marvel of natural sublimity and beauty, and an outlay which will have enormous returns, pecuniary as well as other. The project appeals powerfully in every way to a great and proud and prosperous State, and we trust that the renewed interest in the subject, to which attention has been called by Mr. FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, Mr. HOWARD POTTER, and Professor CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, will result in prompt legislative action.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD AND REFORM.

THE writer of the following letter, although not of the late President's political party, has chosen to honor his memory in a most appropriate manner by a generous gift of money to publish and diffuse General GARFIELD's views of the necessity of reform in the methods of minor appointments and removals in the civil service. Wide and general circulation of information of every kind upon this subject would be of the highest public advantage, especially at this time, and for that purpose any sum from those disposed to follow the munificent and patriotic example of Mr. POTTER will be gladly received by either of the gentlemen to whom his letter is addressed:

"*George William Curtis, Esq., and Everett P. Wheeler, Esq.:*

"GENTLEMEN,—Instead of contributing to swell a fund already large, I venture to presume upon your public spirit and well-known devotion to the reform of our civil service in instituting a memorial of the late President which may do something toward giving effect to his cherished purposes for the nation's welfare, now that he can no longer do this in the high office from which he has been stricken down. Few men in the nation were more early or more deeply impressed with the conviction that thorough reform in the method of appointments and removals in the civil service of the country was a necessary prerequisite to this government's becoming and continuing a government of reason and opinion, instead of one of interest or force, than Mr. GARFIELD. His opinions, arguments, and utterances upon this subject, if heeded and adopted, may prove the most valuable of all the legacies he has left to the country which he loved more than life. The truth of these opinions and the wisdom of these utterances stand forever attested by his death at the hands of an office-seeker from among the electors who elevated him but a few months before to the highest office in the nation's gift. It has been well said, 'A reformed civil service would be the most fitting monument over his grave,' such a monument, more lasting than brass or marble—a fit memorial of his patriotism and wisdom—would transmit these in ever-increasing benefit and blessings to successive generations as long as our national Union shall endure. I hand you herewith $2000, which I hope will become a nucleus for other contributions to the same end, to be expended by you in publishing for circulation, in form suited to the occasion, the late President's opinions and utterances upon the importance and necessity of reform in the civil service of the country, with such facts in connection with his death as now emphasize and enforce them; to be published either alone or accompanied by the opinions of other wise and patriotic men by which he was sustained and guided, as you may think best.

"Very respectfully and obediently yours, O. B. POTTER.

"NEW YORK, *September* 29, 1881."

"THE YORKTOWN CAMPAIGN."

MR. HENRY P. JOHNSTON, author of *The Campaign of 1776 around New York and Brooklyn*, is one of the most accomplished and accurate students of the Revolution in the country. He has just written, and the HARPERS have published, with valuable maps and interesting illustrations, *The Yorktown Campaign, and the Surrender of Cornwallis*, 1781. It is a book of two hundred pages only, but it is a complete historical manual, recounting in the clearest manner the whole previous military situation, without bewildering the reader with professional technicality, telling the whole story in so interesting and thorough a way that the work will hold high permanent place as a historical monograph.

The little Virginia campaign of LAFAYETTE is capitally sketched. Few readers, unless they are especially interested, have ever made out the marchings and counter-marchings in Virginia before the operations at Yorktown so intelligently as they are outlined by Mr. JOHNSTON, who has the happy art of skillful selection, omitting details which, however interesting in themselves, merely obstruct the narrative.

That CORNWALLIS felt himself to be much the superior of SIR HENRY CLINTON, the British commander-in-chief, is evident, and that there was a singular want of intelligence in the British conduct of the campaign is equally plain. As Mr. JOHNSTON points out, the fatal fault of the British management was the omission to render the operations of the French fleet ineffectual. On the other hand, the American and French campaign was admirably conceived, and most promptly and happily executed. The natural interest of every American in the great commemoration which is now at hand can be gratified by no book more completely and satisfactorily than by Mr. JOHNSTON's *Yorktown Campaign.*

COLONEL TRUMBULL, THE PAINTER.

AT the close of the centennial Revolutionary epoch it is natural to recall the painter whose pictures of famous Revolutionary battles are so widely impressed upon the public mind. Colonel TRUMBULL was born in 1756, and lived until 1843. In compiling a catalogue of his works, with the names of their present owners, and the places where they are kept, it is found that the clew to some of them is lost. Among these are the original sketch of "The Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown," which TRUMBULL presented to Mr. JEFFERSON (1787–88), and the first and second of the three renderings of "The Sortie from Gibraltar." The first of these, as stated by Mr. DURAND in the article on TRUMBULL in the September number of *American Art Review*, was given to BENJAMIN WEST; the second (30 × 20) was sold by him to SIR FRANCIS BARING, and was owned not many years ago by Mr. MCPHERSON, the well-known dealer in works of art at Rome, after whose death it is said to have been returned to England. According to another account, however, it came to the United States. It would be very interesting to trace these pictures to their present hiding-places, and any information concerning them, as well as all other pictures or sketches by Colonel TRUMBULL, will be thankfully received by Professor B. SILLIMAN, New Haven, Connecticut.

THE FRIEND OF KEATS.

THE lovers of KEATS hold the name of JOSEPH SEVERN, the artist, in grateful memory. SEVERN was constantly with the young poet through the last melancholy weeks of his life in Rome, nursing him with fond affection, and he lived in Rome ever after until his death on the 3d of August, 1879, at the age of eighty-five. For many years he was the English consul, and he was faithfully devoted to his art, exhibiting at the Royal Academy, and distinguished by an order of merit from the King of Italy.

But it is SEVERN, the friend of KEATS, to whom it is proposed to erect a suitable tombstone, exactly like the familiar grave-stone of KEATS, then to place the body side by side with the dust of the poet, and to inclose the two stones within one hedge and railing. The sons and daughters of Mr. SEVERN contribute £100 toward the cost, but a subscription has been opened to enable those to take part who would like in this way to pay a tribute to the faithful friend who smoothed KEATS's last pillow.

Mr. LONGFELLOW and Mr. LOWELL head the list for this country, and Mr. R. W. GILDER, a younger singer, will receive whatever any friend of KEATS and SEVERN may wish to send to 743 Broadway, New York.

PERSONAL.

MR. SENEY has, with his proverbial promptness and beneficence, assured the people of Athens, Georgia, that if they will raise $4000, he will give $5000, making the $9000 required to build a chapel to the Lucy Cobb Institute of that city. Miss SROVAL and the Misses RUTHERFORD are canvassing for the $4000, with every prospect of success.

—Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES is again on the soil of the U. S., and has his book full of engagements for his winter course of lectures. He has a new one, entitled "Fighting Men of the Old World," and no man is more competent than he to do justice and give piquancy to the subject. Mr. FORBES is now one of the men most eagerly sought by the literary bureaus and lecture agents.

—The question is asked by some of the newspaper correspondents, What was done by Congress for Mrs. LINCOLN after the death of her husband? Congress gave her the President's salary for a year (then $25,000), less the salary for one month and a half, and afterward passed a law granting her a pension of $3000 a year. Doubtless the same precedent will be followed in the case of Mrs. GARFIELD. Congress will give her the year's salary (now $50,000), less the amount paid, and allow her $3000 a year. This, with the income of the GARFIELD fund and the interest on the amount she will receive for life-insurance, will give her about $15,000 or $16,000 a year for life, the principal to go to her children.

—The will of the late Mrs. FISKE, of Ithaca, bequeaths to her husband, Professor WILLARD FISKE, $300,000; to Cornell University, as a library fund, $200,000; to Mrs. JANE P. MCGRAW, her mother, $100,000; to each of her five cousins, $100,000; Cornell University, in trust, for the care of the McGraw Building, $50,000; Cornell University, for establishing a hospital on the campus for the benefit of students, $40,000; domestic and foreign mission societies, $40,000; a neighboring town, for a library, $30,000; several relatives, $25,000 each; an Ithaca mission, $20,000; Episcopal Church, $10,000. In addition to the above there are numerous bequests of amounts ranging from $2000 to $10,000, the residue of the estate, if any, to be added to the Cornell library fund.

—Mr. JAMES OTIS KALER, accompanied by Mrs. KALER and two or three friends, started last week on a long cruise in the stanch little steam-yacht *Toby Tyler.* The yacht is only fifty feet long, but she is entirely sea-worthy, and can easily run twelve knots an hour. After attending the Oriole Celebration at Baltimore, the party will proceed to Yorktown, Virginia, where they intend to participate in the centennial observances. The *Toby Tyler* will steam down the coast after leaving Yorktown, affording her crew an opportunity to visit the Dismal Swamp, Jacksonville, and Key West. The little yacht will subsequently proceed to the Isthmus and the West Indies. The *Toby Tyler* is fitted up with a comfortable cabin, kitchen, bunks, and all the requirements for a long voyage.

—The Comte de Grasse, who commanded the French fleet at Yorktown a hundred years ago, and made himself useful on the occasion, has a lineal descendant at Orange, New Jersey—Mr. T. A. FOWLER. The admiral's youngest daughter, Mlle. SYLVIE DE GRASSE, married Mr. FRANÇOIS N. DEPAU, and Mr. FOWLER is her grandson.

—The Sandwich Island potentate is the only monarch who has gone round the world.

—Mr. THURLOW WEED, in the course of a recent talk with an interviewer, says that he was one of three men who in 1824 called the first political State Convention ever held in this country.

—Dr. JAMES P. WHITE, who died at Buffalo on the 28th ult., at the age of seventy, was one of the oldest, ablest, and most successful practitioners of Western New York. His professional education was acquired at Fairfield (Connecticut), Philadelphia, Edinburgh, Paris, and Vienna. He was one of the movers in establishing the Buffalo Medical College, and was an active participant in the various charitable institutions with which Buffalo has been so liberally endowed. Dr. WHITE was distinguished in the literature of his profession as well as in the lecture-room, and also in the Episcopal Church, of which he had long been a useful and devoted member. From youth to venerable age his life was without spot or blemish. He was a descendant of PEREGRINE WHITE, the first male child born in the *Mayflower* colony.

—Generals SHERMAN and HANCOCK when in Cleveland called on Mrs. GARFIELD, who received them with cordiality in her quiet and sincere way. A gentleman who was present afterward said: "I noticed General HANCOCK putting his hand tenderly on the head of little IRWIN GARFIELD as he stood on the floor, and speaking a word of good cheer as he stroked his hair."

—Mr. HENRY WATTERSON's eulogy on President GARFIELD, delivered at Jeffersonville, Kentucky, is among the most eloquent produced in the South. In it Mr. W. related the following interesting anecdote: "It is a pleasure to remember the last time I saw him. It was an all-night session of the House, when, in company with JOSEPH HAWLEY, of Connecticut, RANDALL GIBSON, of Louisiana, and RANDOLPH TUCKER, of Virginia, we took possession of the committee-room of PROCTOR KNOTT, who joined us later, and buried all bickerings and jars in happy forgetfulness of section and party. I do well remember how buoyant he was that night in spirit, and how robust in thought, so full of suggestion, quick in repartee, unaffected and genial ever, how delighted to lay aside the statesman and partisan and be a boy again, and how loath he was with the rest to recross the narrow confines which separate the real and the ideal, and to descend to the black abyss below. I could not have gone thence to blacken that man's character any more than to do another deed of shame, and Republican though he was, and party chief, he had no truer friends than the brilliant Virginian whom he loved like a brother, and the eminent Louisianian whose counsels he habitually sought."

—The friends of popular education in this city have reason to congratulate themselves on the re-election of Mr. JOHN JASPER as Superintendent of Schools for the next two years. This honor was conferred upon Mr. JASPER by a unanimous vote. As a still further evidence of their appreciation the board increased his salary from $5225 to $6500 a year. Few men so thoroughly understand our public-school system and its requirements as he does. Twenty-four of the forty-four years of his life have been spent in various departments of educational work in New York. For fourteen years he was a teacher, for eight years Assistant Superintendent, and for the past two years Superintendent. Mr. JASPER is a faithful, energetic, and thoroughly progressive officer, who well deserves the popularity he enjoys.

—The appointment of Dr. BRADLEY to Westminster Abbey as the successor of Dean STANLEY appears, on the whole, to be rather well received in England. The success which he achieved as Head Master of Marlborough School, and subsequently as Master of University College, Oxford, and his broad views as to Churchmanship, indicate that he will be found equal to his new position. Mr. GLADSTONE is a sagacious man in the matter of clerical preferments, and the estimation he holds of Dr. BRADLEY is sufficiently shown by the fact that he has made him within fifteen months University Commissioner, Canon of Worcester, and now Dean of Westminster. The salary of the Dean is $10,000, with a fine house and handsome perquisites.

—The Earl of Airlie, who died suddenly at the Windsor Hotel in this city on the 25th ult., had just returned from Denver, Colorado, where he had bought a tract of 30,000 acres of land for one of his sons. He came to this country a few weeks ago, for the second time, accompanied by his daughter, Lady BLANCHE OGILVIE. Last year he published in the *Nineteenth Century* several articles on the fertility of the West, in which he was a great believer. He was the ninth earl, the barony having been created in 1639.

—Mr. A. B. ALCOTT amuses himself, at eighty-two, in writing his autobiography and in adding a new study to his house at Concord, the old one being now too small to contain his library.

—Mr. HERBERT SPENCER has recovered his health, and report says that his visit to Egypt will result in his marriage to an American heiress whom he first met at Cairo.

—Captain EADS, who has recently returned from Europe, says that the principal English engineers cordially approve his plan for a railway across the Isthmus, and that three prominent capitalists offered to guarantee that if the shares were offered to the English public, all the money necessary would be subscribed within a week. Captain EADS told them he could not enter into any negotiations until his proposition to the United States government was definitely decided. That proposition is that the United States should guarantee two-thirds of the interest money at six per cent. For this the government would have power to make the rates, and to place the tariff for Mexico and the United States lower than for any other country. Should the proposal be accepted, work could be commenced in three months, and the railway completed within four years.

COMMANDANT LICHTENSTEIN,
Representing the President of the French Republic.

GENERAL BOULANGER.

COLONEL BOSSAN.

THE CHEVALIER DE CUVERVILLE.

M. LE MARQUIS DE ROCHAMBEAU.

LIEUTENANT SCHILLING.

M. H. BOULARD DE POUQUEVILLE,
Secretary of the Embassy.

M. LE VICOMTE DE NOAILLES.

LIEUTENANT SIGISMUND DE SAHUNE.

SOME OF OUR FRENCH GUESTS.

Sketched from Life during the Voyage by one of their Number, M. Félix Régamy, Délégué des "Beaux Arts."—[See Page 699.]

GENERAL JOSEPH B. CARR.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

THE HON. FRANCIS M. FINCH.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

GENERAL JOSEPH B. CARR, who was nominated by the recent Republican Convention for the position of Secretary of State of New York, was born at Albany August 16, 1828, and was educated at Troy. When the war broke out he was commissioned as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second New York Regiment, and a month later (May, 1860) became Colonel of the regiment. The Second Regiment was the first volunteer regiment to leave the State. In 1862 General CARR was made a Brigadier-General. He bore a conspicuous part in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, up to the final surrender of LEE, in April, 1865. In March, 1865, General CARR was made a Brevet Major-General, and was mustered out of service in September of that year. His residence is at Troy, where he is engaged in the manufacture of chain-cable.

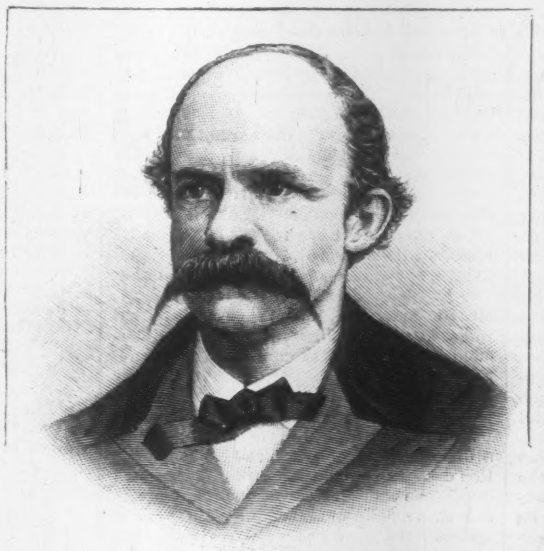
The Hon. FRANCIS MILES FINCH, the candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, is a lawyer of great ability. He has won a high reputation as an advocate, and is also known as an author. He is a native of Ithaca, New York, and is about fifty-five years old. Judge FINCH was in 1880 appointed Judge of the Court of Appeals, and was re-appointed at the beginning of this year.

The Hon. IRA DAVENPORT, the candidate for the position of Comptroller, was born in Steuben County in 1841. His father was a well-known philanthropist. He was elected to the New York State Senate in 1877, and was re-elected in 1879.

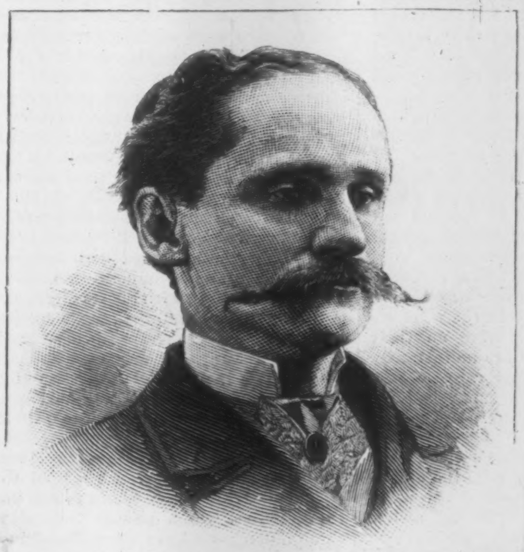
The Hon. JAMES W. HUSTED, the candidate for the position of State Treasurer, was born in Bedford, Westchester County, on October 31, 1833. He was prepared for college at Bedford Academy, and was graduated from Yale College in 1854. He studied law with EDWARD WELLS, of Peekskill, and was admitted to the bar in 1857. He has been Superintendent of Schools, School Commissioner, Deputy-Superintendent of the Insurance Department, Harbor-Master, Deputy-Captain of the Port of New York, Judge-Advocate of the Seventh Brigade, N. Y. S. M., and Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York, in which he wears the jewel of the thirty-third degree; is now a Major-General of the Fifth Division N. G. S. N. Y. Mr. HUSTED has been a member of the Assembly since 1869, and has filled many important positions in that body, of which he was Speaker in 1874, 1876, and 1878.

The Hon. LESLIE W. RUSSELL, who is named for Attorney-General, is forty-one years of age, and a native of Canton, St. Lawrence County. When eighteen years old he entered the office of HILL, CAGGER, & PORTER, in Albany, where he studied law for several years. He then removed to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and completed his law studies in that city. He was about to be admitted to the bar when the war broke out, and he enlisted in the First Wisconsin Regiment, of which he was Adjutant. His father dying at this time, he returned to his native place, and cared for his father's family. At the age of twenty-seven he was elected to the Constitutional Convention of 1867, being the youngest member of that body. At the age of twenty-nine he was elected District Attorney of St. Lawrence County. In 1877 he was elected County Judge, his term of office not expiring until 1883. In 1878 Mr. RUSSELL was elected a Regent of the University.

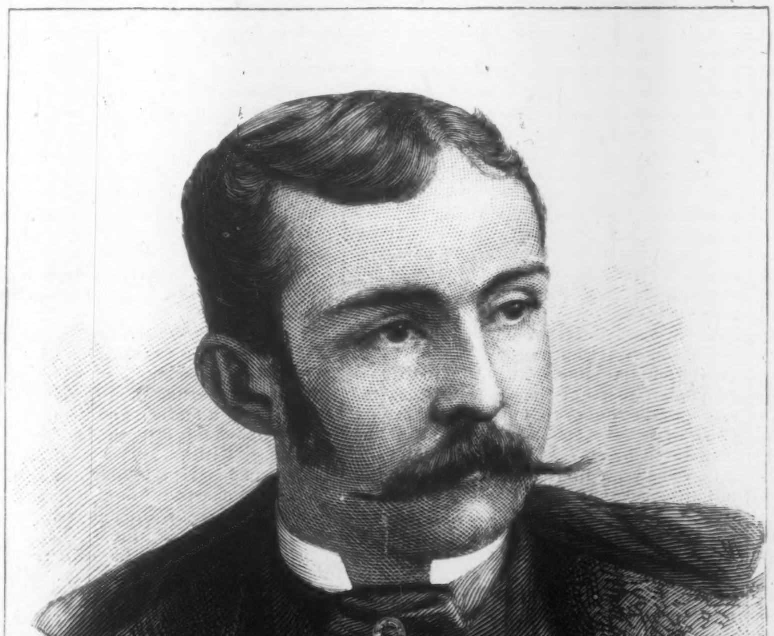
General SILAS SEYMOUR, the candidate for State Engineer, is fifty-five years old. He held the office of State Engineer and Surveyor in 1855 and 1856. He is known best from his connection with engineering works throughout the country. For sixteen years he was Assistant Engineer of the Erie Railway, and for many years was Consulting Engineer of the Union Pacific road. He has also been identified with the construction and equipment of the Lexington and Nashville, Mississippi and Ohio, and other roads.



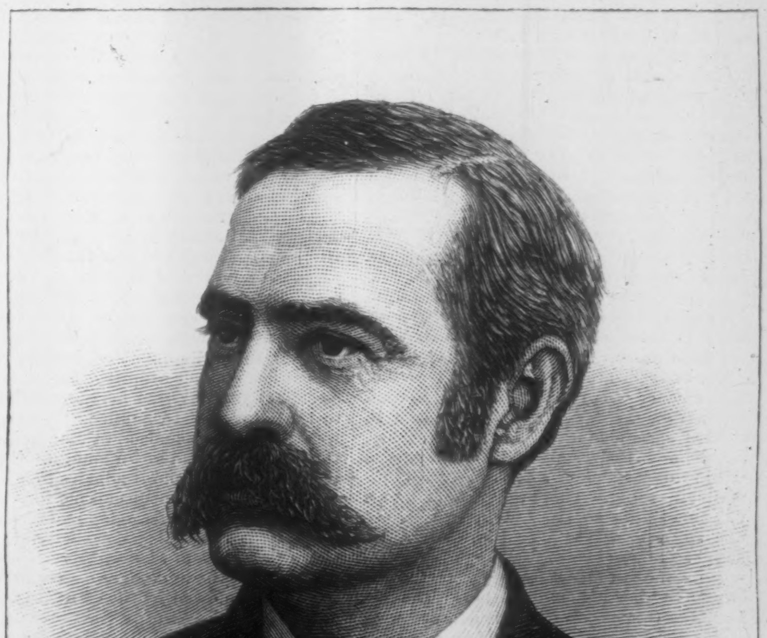
THE HON. JAMES W. HUSTED.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HAINES.



THE HON. IRA DAVENPORT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.



FLETCHER URLING HARPER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 695.]



THE HON. NELSON W. ALDRICH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COLEMAN & REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 695.]

ŒCUMENICAL METHODIST CONFERENCE.

I.

"WHAT'S hallowed ground?" asks the poet; and answers:

"'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth.
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round,
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground."

These lines of CAMPBELL came to my mind with a fresh significance as I went to the City Road Chapel, in London, to attend the Methodist Conference, rightly called "œcumenical," or universal. It is impossible not to feel there that one's step is on hallowed ground. Had it been a mosque, the front yard would have been paved with the boots and shoes of those who had entered. Immediately in front, across the street, is Bunhill Fields, holding the graves of many saints, among them one over which is sculptured the sleeping form of BUNYAN. Bone Hill was the name given to the spot when the bones of the venerated men and women were carried thither; and it is a valley of bones that have renewed their life, and carried a hallowing influence around the earth. In it lie the remains of the mother of Methodism, SUSANNAH WESLEY. Her monument of Sicilian marble, fourteen feet in height, is in the front ground of the City Road Chapel, where it was erected eleven years ago. It stands close to WESLEY's house, a plain four-storied brick dwelling, in which he went to reside October 8, 1779. WESLEY once wrote to the surveyor of taxes: "I have two silver spoons at London, and two at Bristol. I shall not buy any more whilst so many poor want bread." He had not lived in this house more than two months when some thieves stole those spoons. And in the same month a fire broke out very near, which WESLEY believed was turned from his house by a change in the wind occurring while the family were on their knees. At the first cry of fire he instantly summoned them all to prayer. One may smile at this, but if JOHN WESLEY had not possessed such faith as that, Methodism might not have existed.

On the staircase is WESLEY's clock; but I would rather respect as a relic the alarm-clock with which he discovered the sleep he needed. Finding that he lay awake some little time every night, he set his clock for six; still staying awake, he set it at earlier points, until the hour of four was reached. "After that, by the blessing of God, I waked no more." There is no indication of asceticism in the furniture. Perhaps in no other room of the Protestant world have so many heads been devoutly uncovered as in the little back room looking upon the chapel, where JOHN WESLEY died, with the words upon his lips, "The best of all is, God is with us."

The body of JOHN WESLEY lay in state in this chapel for one day, and (March 9, 1791) was buried here. An old lady remembered his having said, "I should like to be buried here, and on the morning of the resurrection rise with all my children around me." Dean STANLEY was once going through the grounds, and asked the old chapel-keeper if the ground was consecrated. "Yes," was the reply. "By what bishop?" "It is consecrated by the deposition here of the dust of the servant of God JOHN WESLEY." "A good answer," said the Dean, from whose lips I heard the story as I give it. The "children" of WESLEY—who can number them or mark their graves? Only the eldest of them are here beside him in this Westminster Abbey of Methodism. Behind the pulpit, set far out to give place to shrines more eloquent than any preacher, may be seen their memorial tablets, carved with symbols, and in some cases with portraits in relief. The memorial of ADAM CLARKE shows an eagle, with two scrolls, one in Hebrew, the other in Greek. On that of THOMAS COKE is seen a negro pointing to the words, "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." The memorial of CHARLES WESLEY is adorned with sacramental symbols, lyre, and an open volume inscribed, "God buries His workmen, but carries on His work." That of JOHN WESLEY has a globe exhibiting parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; it is supported by four books—Bible, Liturgy, and WESLEY's "Sermons" and "Minutes." There are also a shepherd's crook, a winged trumpet, and, above, a white cloud radiating beams of light.

It was not far from this spot that WESLEY and WHITEFIELD used to preach in the open air. They then bought an old deserted foundry, which was for thirty-eight years the head-quarters of Methodism. They then secured this place, and the foundation-stone was laid by WESLEY April 21, 1777. Though it was a wet day, the multitude was such that he could hardly get through with the ceremony. The chapel was opened by WESLEY on November 1, 1778. That may be regarded as the date of the severance of the Wesleyan movement from the Church of England. Yet down to 1820 no one not episcopally ordained was allowed to officiate in the reading-desk or within the rail. The liturgy was, and is, retained. To this day the City Road Chapel is the head-quarters of Wesleyan Conservatism. Here longer than elsewhere prevailed the rule of separating the sexes in church. I observed in the Œcumenical Conference a strong-browed man who must have had curious reflections on the scene before him. It was the Rev. WILLIAM GRIFFITHS, who thirty-two years ago was one of three who in this same place were tried and expelled the Wesleyan body. Their offense was agitating for lay representation. That expulsion cost the Wesleyan body sixty thousand members. The expulsion took place under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. OSBORNE, President of the Wesleyan body, who now sits here beside twenty-two representatives of the free churches he exiled, and beside a large number of lay delegates such as then filled his dear old conservative soul with terror.

When JOHN WESLEY was buried, the officiating minister, JOHN RICHARDSON, made the first modification of the liturgy ever known at the City Road Chapel. He read, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the soul of our *dear father.*" At these last words a loud wail of grief burst from the heart of the assembled multitude. On the 7th of September, somewhat over ninety years later, 1600 of those who revere WESLEY as their father assembled in this chapel, beside his stone-incased remains, to listen to a sermon by his most eloquent son now living, the venerable Bishop SIMPSON. For ninety minutes this old man eloquent—whose face aureoled with silvery hair beamed with blended intellect, piety, and happiness—held the vast crowd spell-bound with his scholarly review of the significant history of the people called Methodists. It was one of the most impressive and picturesque occasions and scenes ever known in England; yet the daily papers of London gave less than half as much space to it as they did to the provincial races.

The disgracefully inadequate attention which the London press has paid to the Œcumenical Conference, and to the powerful discourses which for several Sundays its foreign delegates have been giving in London and its suburbs, must have been sadly significant to the representatives from America. It must have impressed upon them, more even than the unsatisfactory statistics which their English brethren had to present, the fact that Methodism is on the decline in this country. This may be partly ascribed to the divisions of the Wesleyan body in England. It is divided into seven organizations, which co-operate very little, and have never in many years come so near together as in this great Conference. In part also it may be ascribed to the absence of any episcopal supervisors, the office of bishops being but feebly represented by the "chairmen of districts" in Great Britain. But the radical cause of the decline of Methodism as a power in this country is its overnear relation to the Established Church. JOHN WESLEY was one of the greatest organizers and administrators the world has ever seen, and well merits MACAULAY's comparison of him with RICHELIEU. But as the fable relates of Siegfried that when he bathed in the dragon's blood, which rendered him invulnerable, a leaf fell on his back and left there the unbathed spot where he was at last wounded to the death, so it may be said of WESLEY that his extreme loyalty to the Established Church has proved the weakness of Methodism in England. To the last his clerical gown clung to him; in it he was buried; and it adheres to his risen body. English Methodism is not far enough from the Church of England to share the forces of Dissent; it is not near enough to share the forces of Conformity. It is sinking between the two. The degree to which it is overshadowed by the Church is represented in an English proverb—that a carriage never remains in a Wesleyan family three generations. When a Methodist family grows rich enough to have a carriage, it carries the younger members thereof to Church.

The Rev. Dr. TIFFANY, of New York, in a vigorous speech before a meeting gathered in Exeter Hall, after speaking of the flourishing finances of American Methodism, said, "It was the glory of Christ's Gospel that the poor had that Gospel preached to them; but the fact is that when our Gospel is preached to the poor, and they live by the rules of Methodism, they don't remain poor—they become rich." The crowd of small tradesmen before him applauded this, but it was with sad faces. They knew well that in England when Methodists become rich, they generally cease to be Methodists. And how can it be otherwise? The apparent decline of Methodism corresponds with an increase of non-apparent Methodism. JOHN WESLEY predicted that he and his movement would either be expelled from the English Church, or they would leaven the whole body. They were never formally expelled, and they did leaven the Church; so that to-day there are many clergymen throughout the country who preach with fervor the spiritual doctrines he so much cherished, and in which those who are brought up under his influence can find a congenial home. In England every step upward in the social scale brings a family into contact with Church people, and into relation with the Establishment as a national institution. They find in the English Church the same liturgy as that to which they are accustomed in their paternal Wesleyan chapels. The doctrines are the same. There is no Wesleyan preacher who would venture to tell them that they can not be as good and spiritual in the Church as in the chapel. They have not, like other Dissenters, any political traditions against the union of church and state. Methodism must therefore look to other than English fields for its great harvests.

The difference between the English and American Methodists, as disclosed in this Conference, is marked. Even physically and personally the representatives from the United States are a much finer class of men. Their manner is that of men who have none above them, and do not know what it is to be snubbed. There is a submissive, sat-upon look about the English delegates, and they sit in silent wonder at the frank and bold way in which the Americans challenge what they do not like. On one occasion the Business Committee made an arrangement for the conduct of business, and reported it. Dr. BUCKLEY, of New York, challenged its wisdom with a vigorous speech, and Dr. TIFFANY rose against it with a point of order. The English chairman of the day, the Rev. Mr. STACEY, paid little deference to Dr. BUCKLEY, and—through sheer bewilderment, I think—put the motion without noticing TIFFANY's point of order. After the motion was carried Dr. TIFFANY arose, and with inimitable grace said: "Mr. Chairman, I wish to offer an apology. You have such a different way of transacting business in this country from any known in ours that I hope to be excused. I was under an impression that a point of order, opportunely raised and politely put, was always received by the chair." Here there were murmurs of "Hear! hear!" from the English delegates; and the confused chairman had to apologize to TIFFANY. An eminent English Wesleyan preacher told me that the chairman's confusion arose, no doubt, from the fact that—though he is President of the New Connection—he never imagined that any one could possibly attempt to set aside the recommendation of a committee.

On a certain day two laymen—one English, the other American—were put forward to introduce in addresses of twenty minutes each the subject of "Lay Preaching." One of these was a member of Parliament (SHEPHERD ALLEN), the other the Hon. Mr. WHITE, of Pittsburgh. The difference between the performances of the two men was very striking. The English Commoner spoke, in a monotonous, lugubrious tone, a string of pious platitudes; the American made the house ring with his telling points, and kept the crowd in alternate laughter and cries of approval by his humor and clear statement of novel points.

There was a different chairman every day, and among all who presided Bishop PECK carried off the palm. The Conference had adopted rigid regulations for its constitution and the conduct of business, and among these was a rule that each subject should be introduced by an essay of twenty minutes, followed by an invited address of twenty minutes, and that for the rest of that particular session each voluntary speaker should have five minutes. Bishop PECK had a table-bell beside him which he struck with terrible punctuality. But when he did so it was always with some good-humored and appropriate remark which took away the sting of the enforced silence. One essay which he had to cut short was a remarkably fine one by the Rev. W. ARTHUR, on "Methodism, a Power of Purifying and Elevating Society." Mr. ARTHUR is the ablest and most scholarly Wesleyan in Europe, and his essay sustained his high reputation. Bishop PECK said no one could know how it hurt him to touch the bell, but happily they would all have an opportunity of reading the entire essay in print. The next occasion in which the bishop's bell had to be touched was one which was still more grievous to the assembly. A remarkably dark African from North Carolina, the Rev. Mr. PRICE, was making a speech more effective than any which I heard during the Conference. Nothing could exceed the literary finish, the wit, and felicitous expression of the extempore speech which came through the musical voice of this negro. The assembly was thrown into a sort of ecstasy by it. When the bell sounded he instantly sat down—like Mr. ARTHUR, stopping in the middle of a sentence. There were cries of "Go on!" Bishop PECK said, "Our brother has grand good sense, and I know he will *not* go on." A motion was offered by an aged English delegate that further time should be allowed this speaker; but the bishop said the Conference must be patient under the laws it had made for itself, and he could not put the motion.

The speech of this colored man was followed by something more impressive than his peroration could have been. The Rev. Dr. MARSHALL, of Vicksburg, rose, and after an admirable little speech on the love which he and his white brethren of the South had always felt for the colored people—whom they had never neglected—turned around and greeted Mr. PRICE in the name of the Southern delegates, and shook him warmly by the hand. In front of the negro sculptured on the tablet of the great missionary THOMAS COKE, already described, one could see here a remarkably fine group of negroes, and listen to speeches from them by no means inferior to others by their white friends. During one day the colored Bishop PAYNE of Baltimore presided, and with a perfect dignity. Some thought him the best chairman they had ever known. At Exeter Hall this bishop was received with long-continued plaudits, and his account of Methodism among the Africans was one of the finest specimens of graphic description I have heard.

An aged and very tall colored woman, styled "Sister SMITH, the Evangelist," is a constant attendant at the Conference. She is especially noticeable as the only person present who wears the old-fashioned Methodist or half-Quaker bonnet.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(*Continued.*)

ROVING SHOTS.

FOR behold on the following day there were puffs of smoke in the breezy distance, and far away sounds of feeble pops, such as a little boy makes with a fox-glove! Now this was General Punk in pursuit of the Colonel's grouse, which had not behaved well, but maintained an ungrateful attitude. From first to last they could scarcely have cost anything under a guinea apiece; and their duty was to get up at the proper distance, and tumble down again, when the gun went off. But, instead of that, what they did was this: no sooner did they see a man half a mile away—the very man, perhaps, to whom (after Providence and their parents) they owed everything—than away they went, like a flight of stars shooting upon the horizon, instead of being shot. And the one or two that did have the manners to lie decently never fell at all when they were shot at, but appeared to receive no more injury from lead than a patient does from pills, at which he shakes his head externally.

This might have been explained very naturally if none but General Punk had shot at them. But when Mr. Short, who was a first-rate marksman, had fired three times without bagging a feather, and the Colonel, who was also tolerably straight, had banged more than once with no better result, Nous, who had done his very utmost, came with the young lemon setter, who had listened to his orders, and sat down, and looked at the four gentlemen, General Punk, Colonel Westcombe, and Jack, and his own valued master, with a gaze of sad inquiry. There was no contempt in it, or at any rate not much, for he had known such things occur before; and he was not a cynical dog, but capable of much indulgence to human errors. His beautiful brown eyes simply said: "Well, gentlemen, you have done very badly. Perhaps you sat up too late last night. But do try to pull yourselves together, or else you will ruin this young dog here, who is out for the first time, and has not had my experience."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Mr. Short, "John Sage is at the bottom of all this. Westcombe, you put the grouse under his care, and he has made them as wary as himself. John can bag things; but who could bag him?"

"Passon be so peart," answered old John, with a grin; "I've 'a knowed 'un bag a man, and let 'un goo out of the bag."

"Well done, John!" exclaimed the Colonel, with a laugh. "Short, you'd better let old John alone, till Sunday. Come, gentlemen,

I can see our luncheon on the hill, and Miss Touchwood come to enliven it. Let us have it, and then put our barrels straighter. Jack, you have not had one shot yet."

"'Tis better to have shot, and missed, than never to have shot at all," said the vicar, with a knowing glance at his young companion. "Jack, you are in the dumps to-day. And, General, even you, on your pony, have not brought so much as a hat down."

"I never shoot at hats, without heads inside them," said the General; and again the parson got the worst of his wit.

But after luncheon, as usually happens, a different state of things set in. Julia was there, with sparkling eyes, brighter than the Colonel's best Champagne; and most radiant she showed herself to every one but Jack, whom she treated with a dignified reserve. Then they laid out their plan for the afternoon, to shoot in two divisions; for a brace of old pointers had come with the food. Colonel Westcombe and Mr. Short were to go in one direction, while the General and Jack, with old John to help them, were to follow up a mark, and take the likeliest places, toward the eastern boundary of the moors, where they might find partridges as well as grouse, for the day of St. Giles was with them.

As it happened, the course of the sport led this division of the party toward Christowell; and the General, with John Sage to load his gun and lead the gray pony when needful, parted company for some time with young Westcombe, who had hit upon a family of wild-ducks, and went after them down a marshy glade.

"Sage, who lives in yonder cottage in the hollow?" asked General Punk, pointing down to Larks's Cot. "What a lovely place! Have they got any beer? My throat is quite parched, and I have had enough of shooting. The road is not so very bad. I shall just ride down. They will not refuse a tired man a glass of ale, I dare say. The good folk about here are alway hospitable."

"The gentleman as liveth there be zummut of a rum 'un, and kapeth volk out of's pramishes mainly. But he be a girt friend of Passon Shart; and if so be you spakes the name of Passon, he'll not denai thee zummut to wash down the pillum. Cappen Larks be the name of 'un."

"Very well; then you stop here, my man," said the General, handing his gun to John, "for fear of our losing Mr. Westcombe altogether. And when you have let him know where we are, you can come, and lead my pony up the hill again."

Mr. Arthur was aware that his friend Short had been asked to join the shooting party; and as the west wind brought the sound of fowling-pieces, he thought it not unlikely that the parson might come down from the moor for a glass of his cider. To meet this chance he begirt himself to a troublesome task of pruning, to take out a thicket of dead wood from an ancient and thoroughly crabbed apple-tree—a stern aboriginal of the place, unshapely, uncouth, ungenial, standing out with snags and tatters, yet knuckled here and there with clumps of fruit as thick as a pile of toad-stools. Nevertheless there was no such apple on the place to bring out and tarten up the flavor of the gentle ones in cider—as a vein of adversity braces and brightens the mellowness of the genial mind. Therefore, and for the sake of contrast with the cones of shapely culture round it, the Captain spared this ancient crab, and let it follow its own bent.

Working upon his light double ladder here, and taking out the dead wood with a little curved saw, he commanded the view of the track from the downs, which scarcely deserved to be called a road. And presently he espied a figure, which clearly was not Mr. Short's, coming slowly down the hill upon a fat gray pony. "A soldier, as sure as I'm alive," thought the Captain; "I seem to know that peculiar seat. But he looks very feeble, and in trouble. I must go and help him."

Getting down from his ladder, he unlocked a little spiked gate in the fence and went to meet the stranger. The General was in danger, for the steepness of the hill had jarred his weak leg, and he could scarcely keep the saddle; while the old gray pony, who had a will of his own, was threatening to make a rush of it. Then the Captain ran up and took him by the head, and the old man, tired, and trembling, and in agony, fell forward, and rested on the other's shoulder. Mr. Arthur supported him, and looked up at him, and told him to rest himself there for a while. "God bless me!" cried the General, "who are you? If my name is Punk, I can swear that yours is Pole."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WAY THE CAT JUMPS.

THE behavior of a man who has long been "under a cloud," when he finds that cloud rent open, depends very much upon his constitution; and his constitution is made up of a quantity of constituents. Toward the milder and larger half of life the mind begins to work on its own account, and to seek its own wages, after a generation of steady discipline and useful reverence. Disturbing influences (such as universal brotherhood, dread of illiberality, the worship of women, and nature, and the like, and the dreams of perfection, as illusive as herself) settle down into a wholesome desire to do one's best, and then be done with it. But there still remains the tender love of the few who are better to him than life.

Captain Larks had never set up to be a man of extraordinary largeness. He could not abstract himself into great thoughts, and soar in a circumference far above his head. He liked his little jobs, and stuck very close to them, and was vexed when they did not turn out well. And the stir of little interests kept him fresh, and sweet to mankind, and manly.

"You are tired, and weak, and in pain," he said to the old man who had discovered him. "My cottage is a little way down this lane. Come and rest there, until you feel well again."

"But you don't mean to tell me that you are not Pole!" the General replied, as he yielded gladly to the strong man's aid and guidance.

"My name is Pole. And I take you to be the General Punk under whom I had the honor— 'Fire and Punk' was your pet name, sir."

"So it was—so it was," the old man answered; "and I wish it was still, Pole—I wish it was still. Ah, those were the days it was life to live in! But you—"

"Consider me as one you have never seen before, and yet who is only too glad to have the chance of doing you the smallest service."

General Punk was in too much pain to care to talk of any one except himself. And he graciously submitted to be led down the hill, and taken off his pony by careful hands, and helped into the cool and shadowy cottage. "What a delightful nook!" he said. "Take care of my leg, my dear young lady. Ah, I see by your smile that I need not tell you. Now don't begin supposing that I have got the gout. No such luck. It is ten times worse. Not that I mean to take the smallest notice of it. Half an hour's rest will quite set me up again. Now what is your name, my pretty dear? An old man may take liberties, you know."

"My name is Rose Arthur, sir," she said, "and I hope to have the pleasure of helping you a little."

"You have done that already, and more than a little. You seem to feel everything, as if you had got it. But I must soon be off, or I shall lose my dinner."

"It is not to be thought of," said the Captain, coming forward; "you must submit to our rough fare. To attempt to ride ten or twelve miles as you are is utterly out of the question. I know what an old wound is when jarred. Rest and coolness are the only things for it. Here you are, and here you must be satisfied to stop. We will send up a message to the gamekeeper."

The General vowed that he would not have it so, and got up to prove his activity. But all that he took by the movement was a thrill of pain, a stagger, and a biting of the lips, because he was too good to swear in the presence of a lady. "I can't bear to trouble you," was all that he could say, for his bad leg began to get worse very fast.

Now this was a difficult position for all three—the General, the Colonel, and the Captain—as well as for younger people whose affairs were involved in what might come of it. The worst case of all was the General's, because he could not get away from it, and was driven by the irony of facts to shout for a man disgraced out of the army. No one could lift him except this man, for the General was heavy toward the centre of his system, and he wanted a good deal of lifting and refreshment whenever Dr. Perperaps had poked at him.

Colonel Westcombe also felt the urgency of things. Here was a guest of his by right driven by the force of circumstances into alien shelter. He felt it his duty to follow him up, and see that he was treated properly. But how could he do so, against the broad fact that he was not wanted over there? "My dear," he said, quietly, to Miss Touchwood, "you are very young, but you know much more of the ways of the present world than I do. It happens that I can not well go over now, through peculiar circumstances, with which I will not trouble you."

"I know that there is a maze of mystery among them," answered Julia, who was generous, and by no means always spiteful; "but, Uncle John, they are to be pitied, not condemned, until people get to the bottom of it. Write a kind letter, an exceedingly kind letter, to General Punk, congratulating him upon having fallen upon his legs—no, that might seem too personal—upon being thus among good Samaritans; and say you will only be too happy to send the carriage with the soft linings for him as soon as the doctor lets him up."

"I think that would be rude," replied Colonel Westcombe; "not to him, I mean, but to his entertainer. You are right about writing a letter, my dear; but it must not be to the General. It must be to poor Pole himself."

"Pole! Who is he?" the young lady asked. "How many aliases has he got? There must be some very great secret somewhere. Uncle John, shall we ever understand it?"

"Perhaps not," replied the Colonel, with a smile at her quick manner; "and if so, it will be a little lesson to us to attend to our own business."

"I can not regard it from that point of view with any satisfaction. Because it appears to me so wrong and so dishonest to get into society under false pretenses. The thing of all others that annoys me most is that my own mother, who has never been taught to bridle her curiosity, sits down before that mysterious man as if she quite feared to say 'How do you do?' because the question might seem inquisitive. And then our poor Dicky is afraid of him too. In the name of the Seven Wonders, who is the man? I am sure, by your face, that you know. Now tell me, or I won't say a single word all dinner-time to-day."

"You never would punish both us and yourself to that extreme, dear Julia. Your nature is to talk, and you can not help it. But if other people don't want to talk, what right have we to force them?"

Captain Larks, on the other hand, as every man has his own regard, felt most strongly that of all this trouble the worst part fell on his own shoulders. He was under no debt of friendship whatever to General Punk, thus forced upon him, and to have his little cottage thus again invaded was a trial to even his serenity. "I know what old Punk is," he said to himself; "and I never shall forget how he scowled at me upon the saddest occasion in all my life. He was bound to do so, by his own ideas, and by those I must measure him. But how differently Westcombe looked at me! There are times in one's life when the value of it hangs upon a single gaze. I must do my best for this man, of course. But it will not be from gratitude."

It was not the trouble to his little household that vexed him—although that was no trifle—nor even the untimeliness of the occurrence, just when his own affairs were pressing; but what disturbed him chiefly was the difficulty about Colonel Westcombe. There are some few men, come across at far and casual intervals, whom we grieve to have never met at the age when there was friendship. It is not for their fame, or deeds, or virtues, that we long to know them, but because there is something in them heart akin to our own hearts. We care not what their views may be in politics, in literature, or any of the transient fancies of the day; but we say to ourselves, "Here is a man whom we must have loved, if we had only had the luck." And then we sigh that it is now too late, and fall back upon our old acquaintance.

However, it is a very ill wind that blows no good to any one. And although young Westcombe was abashed at first by this sudden turn of things, and obliged to keep sadly in the background—wherein he found a big black tor to sit upon, and watch the smoke whose lower breath had gone into the General's sick-broth—before very long things turned up so that he could come in for his own share of them.

Partly, no doubt, this was owing, as it generally is, to diligent exertions of his own. For he ventured to call, without violent intrusion, upon Dr. Perperaps, because he was in a condition of throat which loudly demanded liquorice. "You must be very careful," said the doctor. "Breathe just a little hard. Thank you, sir, thank you. As yet there is nothing to arouse solicitude. But we must not rest content with such a condition of the tonsils. The trachea also shows premonitory symptoms. The earliest indications of scarlet— But I will avoid language that might make you perhaps susceptive. My dear young sir, I would entreat you to abstract your mind from disquietude. This little instrument proclaims to me that all is not quite right just here." The doctor tapped his waistcoat over several parts, for fear of hitting the wrong one. "It is well that you have applied to me in this early stage. Has there been anything, anything external, to set up casual phlogitis?"

"I borrowed some very bad tobacco last night from an old man of ours whom I met upon the moor, and while I was thanking him I swallowed a strong whiff."

"You should have consulted me at once, my dear sir. But I trust sincerely that it is not too late. You require an emulcient, then a sedative, and after that a due course of tonics. Spotty, my dear, make up No. 77."

Established thus upon a course of medicine, all of which followed the course of the river, Jack Westcombe found himself upon a healthy road to get near his darling Rose once more. Youths of the present day, who dash headlong over every obstacle betwixt them and their loves—when assured that the money-bag is on the right side of it—never would put up with such little items of scruples as stopped Jack Westcombe. And even he was inclined at last to push aside punctilio, as he found the season passing, and his love no further forward. And, as usual, fairer aid appeared, and seduced him into sidelong tricks. Sporetta hated Julia Touchwood, who had snubbed her nobly; and she knew that Julia had a weakness for the son of her dear godfather.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLETCHER URLING HARPER.

FLETCHER URLING HARPER has left behind him many pleasant recollections and many sad regrets. His cheerful voice and manner, his love for art and artists, his fondness for conversation, his active interest in politics, made him a wide circle of friends in every part of the country. He was acquainted with many noted politicians and public men among us. He knew no differences among men, and talked as familiarly and pleasantly with the least known and obscure, with the laborer and the poor workman, as with the President or Senator. His ready wit and pleasant jokes, his cheerful voice and smile, were at the service of every one. Yet he had long suffered from ill health, and bore patiently pains and anxieties that would have brought to other men only gloom and melancholy.

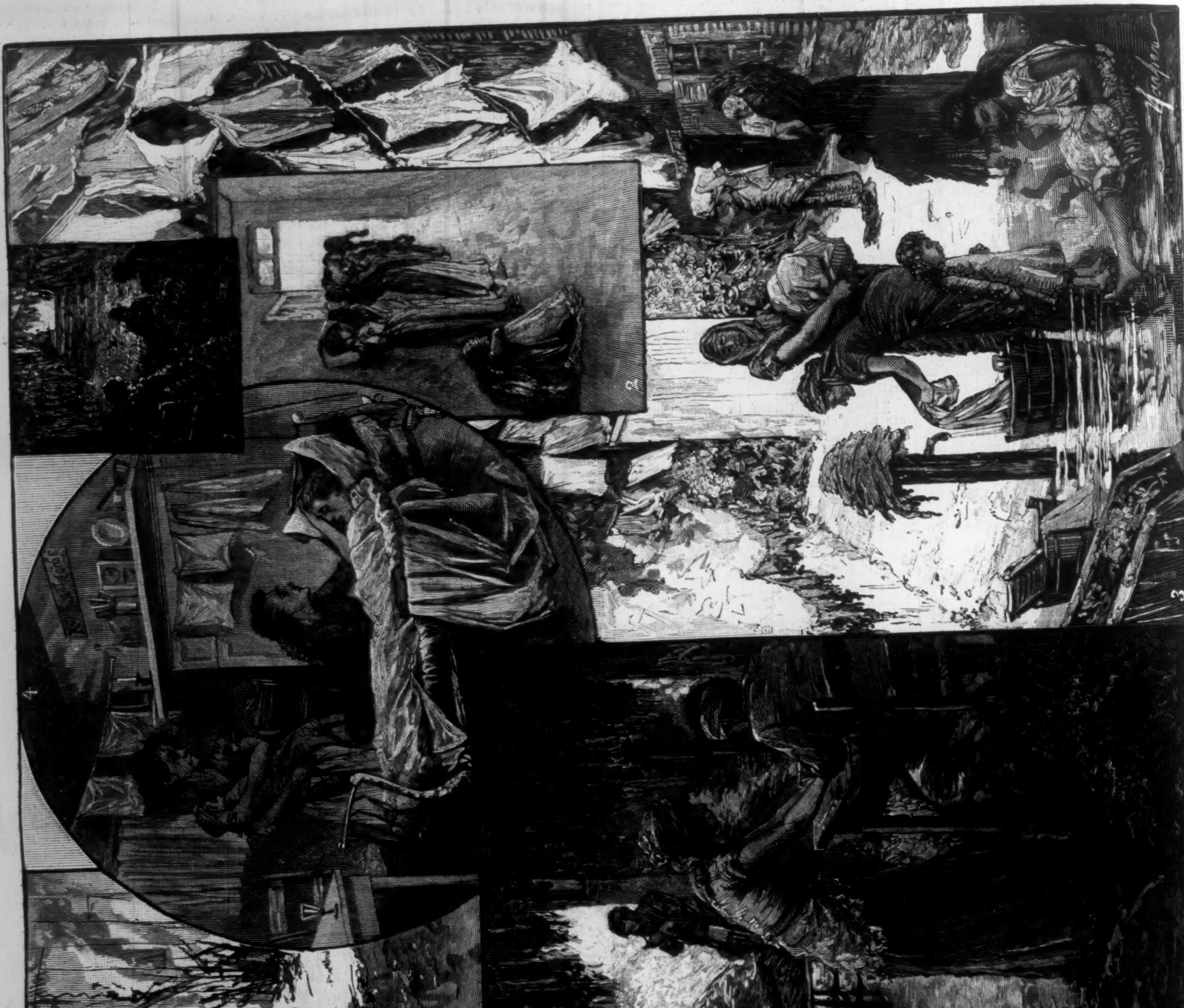
Many traits of his character he inherited from his grandfather, FLETCHER HARPER. He had the same fondness for jest and joke, the same firmness in bearing pain and sickness. It was the peculiarity of FLETCHER HARPER senior that he was never shaken from his purpose by any of the common impulses, such as the hope of gain, of popularity, or of personal profit. He was a Republican so sincere that he never yielded in the least to the siren voices that seduce so many of our public men. His strong intellect repelled them with ease. He would never mingle with the dishonest and the untrue because they were successful, and he remained always simply plain Republican, the friend of education, the man of the people. His grandson inherited his Republicanism, and much of his humorous, witty turn of mind. He was always an affectionate husband, father, and friend.

It was in his love for the fine arts that FLETCHER URLING HARPER found one of his chief sources of enjoyment. He delighted to cultivate American art, to encourage the young painter and musician. Passionately fond of music, he possessed a rare talent for improvisation, and was accustomed to sit for hours at the piano, playing the airs that rose spontaneously in his mind. His memory will long remain cherished fondly by his friends and his family.

THE HON. NELSON W. ALDRICH.

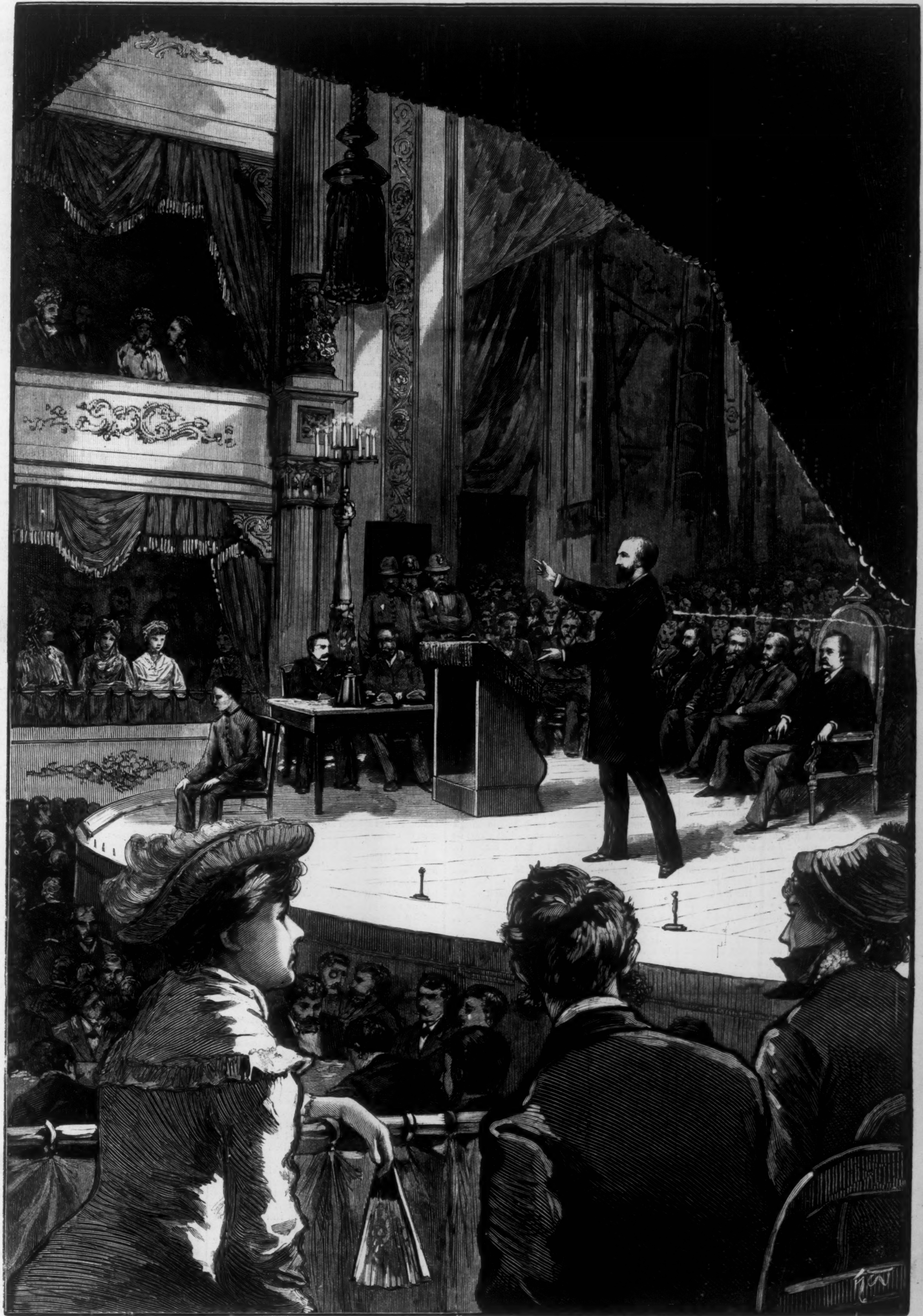
THE Hon. NELSON WILMARTH ALDRICH, who has been elected United States Senator from Rhode Island, to succeed General BURNSIDE, was born at Foster, in that State, November 6, 1841. He is therefore not quite forty years old, and will be the youngest member in the United States Senate. Mr. ALDRICH was educated at the common schools in Killingly, Connecticut, and at the Providence Conference Seminary at East Greenwich, Rhode Island. Leaving the latter institution in 1857, he went to Providence, and entered upon a successful mercantile career. Mr. ALDRICH began his political life in 1869, being that year elected as a Common Councilman, and serving until 1875. He was President of the Council from 1871 to 1873. In 1875 he was chosen a member of the Rhode Island House of Representatives, and in 1876 served as Speaker of that body. In 1878 he was elected as a member of the Forty-fifth Congress, to succeed BENJAMIN T. EAMES, receiving 5968 votes, against 1332 for THOMAS DAVIS, Democrat, and 627 for LYCURGUS SAYLES, National. He was re-elected in 1880 by the largest vote ever cast for a Representative in his district, receiving 9508 votes, to 5587 for ISAAC LAWRENCE, Democrat, 159 for HENRY CRAM, Greenback, and 10 scattering.

Mr. ALDRICH has occupied many important public positions in the city of Providence, and is held in high esteem by his fellow-citizens. In 1866 he became a Freemason, and has held various offices in that fraternity. He is now Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Knights Templar.



1. Rag-pickers' Cellar. 2. Hallway, Mulberry Street. 3. Court-Yard, Roosevelt Street. 4. Sick Children. 5. Court-Yard, Mulberry Street. 6. Interior, Italian Quarter.

TENEMENT-HOUSE LIFE IN NEW YORK—MAYOR GRACE'S TOUR OF INSPECTION.—Drawn by W. St. John Harper.—[See Page 699.]



THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION, NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC—MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLAGE.

Drawn by W. St. John Harper.—[See Page 693.]

GRANDPA AND GRANDMA.

GRANDPA in his cradle lies: golden hair and soft blue eyes;
Dimples twinkling here and there in his little face so fair.
A dainty, darling Grandpa he, sweet as baby boy can be.

Grandpa walked alone to-day—timid, trembling all the way;
Crowing when his walk was done, and the first grand victory won.
Happy little Grandpa he, growing fast a man to be.

Grandpa is a scholar next, o'er "Rule of Three" and fractions vexed,
Then—oh, very sad to say—a truant, leaving books for play.
Careless little Grandpa he, merry as a rogue can be.

Grandpa to a party goes, meets Grandma, sweet as any rose;
Shyly sit they side by side, conversation vainly tried.
Bashful little Grandpa he, as any little beau would be

Grandpa soon his jacket doffs, and at "youngsters" grandly scoffs;
Boasts a cane and "stove-pipe" hat; sets Grandma's heart a-pitapat,
Until at last "engaged" is he, proud as lover e'er can be.

Grandpa, Grandma, glad together, have their joyous summer weather.
Summer o'er, down hill they go, dear old heads as white as snow,
Children clinging lovingly to Grandma's neck and Grandpa's knee.

Grandpa, 'neath life's winter skies, daily walks with dimming eyes,
Wrinkles gathering day by day where the dimples used to play.
Grandpa, Grandma, side by side, faithful whatsoe'er betide.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVERS "À LA MODE."

CONSIDERING that Miss Mildred had been admonished not to keep her visitor waiting, and also that he had the reputation of being her suitor, even if he was not actually engaged to her, she evinced no great alacrity to seek his presence. For some moments after the servant who had announced his arrival had left the room she remained with her hands clasped before her, and wearing an expression very different from that calm repose so much recommended (in company with "the Vere-de-Vere" hat) to young ladies of fashion. The news that had just been confided to her, should it turn out to be true, might alter, she felt, the whole tenor of her future existence. A hope that had at one time thrilled her very being with joy, and which had been somewhat rudely snatched away, was once more re-awakened within her; but it was dangerous to entertain it, even in secret, and difficulties lay in the way which to a less resolute nature would have seemed gigantic. To a frank one, indeed, they would have seemed insurmountable; but Mildred's nature was not frank, or rather her mental training had so imbued her with conventionality and affectation that duplicity—which is the next step to them—was easy. To affect a virtue though she had it not would indeed have been beyond her powers; but a more difficult feat was within her compass: she could conceal a passion that enthralled her, and simulate it where it did not exist.

For a minute or two her brow was weighty with care, her eyes full of pain and dread; but as she took a flower from a vase and placed it in her hair, and cast a last look in the glass as she left the room, it reflected all that she would have it. A beautiful girl, not indeed aglow to meet her lover, for she was very pale, but with an expression of pleased expectation that might have satisfied a more exacting swain than he who was awaiting her.

As she entered the drawing-room she cast a comprehensive glance around it, that included not only its tenant, but the windows, and when the young gentleman opened his arms (which it was clear was expected of him), she threw herself into them with all the confidence and *élan* of a swimmer taking a header.

"I thought you would never come, Frank. Take care, there's the gardener. How is your father?"

As it happened, there was no gardener; but Mr. Frank Farrer, who thought there was, sprang away from the young lady with great alacrity, and plumped into a chair, with his back to the window, in such confusion of mind that he forgot to make any reply to this kind inquiry after his parent's health.

"Did you come over on the mare, or Tito?" inquired Mildred, seating herself beside him.

"On Tito," replied the young gentleman. "Dear me! is he gone?" he whispered, wiping his scarlet face with his pocket-handkerchief. He was unscientific, and had no confidence in glass as a non-conductor of sound, and he was exceedingly sensitive to ridicule.

"He is there still, but he didn't see us," observed Mildred, unblushingly. If the means excuse the end, she was justified in the tarradiddle, for her object was to keep Mr. Frank Farrer at a distance. She had encouraged his attentions hitherto, and was prepared to endure them still if it should be necessary, but they had suddenly become very unwelcome. Her kisses, alas! were of that sort "by hopeless fancy framed on lips that were for others" (or one other), and Frank had only received a base imitation of the current coin of love, no more like the genuine article than the "kisses" in a pastry-cook's shop; but now that the "fancy" might not prove so "hopeless," she even grudged him these.

Yet he was by no means one to inspire the gentler sex with repugnance. On horseback, indeed, Mr. Frank Farrer looked the very model of a gentleman, or, at all events, of a gentleman rider. On Tito or "the mare" he was at home, and if the world (beyond that of the hunting field) could still "be witched with noble horsemanship," he would have been an eminent individual. Out of the saddle, however, he was like a fish out of water. He who could face the stiffest "bullfinch" without a tremor, and had never looked out for the weak place in a wall, was, in the presence of a lady—that is, a real one—bashful, shy, and heavy in hand. The "Fibbert filly," as he termed Mildred in private, had been always too skittish for him; he never knew whether she was at play or mischief, and even in her most caressing moods he had a suspicion that she might bite. Of late months, however, she had grown more docile, which evidenced, he thought, a certain sweetness of disposition, since he was conscious that he had not made a bid for her till he found the "Lyster filly" was not to be had. He had not as yet proposed to Mildred in form; for though the behavior of these young people may be thought by old-fashioned folks to be that of an engaged couple, it was only the result of the lady's reading. He had no apprehension, however, it should be added, of failing to win her.

There was nothing, indeed, to trouble Mr. Frank Farrer as to his future, except that when his father died he would have to stand for the county, and make a speech in public out of his hat—an ordeal which, though vague and indistinct, gave him secretly great disquietude. "How deuced hard," he thought, "it was that he was not the son of a peer," in which case his horizon would have been cloudless. To look at him on horseback, you would have said it was so, even as matters were; his face, redeemed from the imputation of boyhood by a dapper black mustache, was so bright (though indeed with a material brightness such as one would almost say might come from oil and flannel, rather than from intelligence), his manner so gay, his laugh (albeit it had a somewhat vacant ring) so cheery. But on land, as Percy called it, Frank Farrer was not at his ease. When not engaged in conversation, he would look at his legs as if he missed something—which was his horse—and when addressed would shift them uneasily, and tapping his white teeth with the handle of his whip, reply, "No, really," or "You don't say so."

It is a fact, however, though not generally known, that a man may be a fool without being a flat, and Mr. Frank Farrer knew very well how to take care of himself. If Miss Mildred Fibbert had been a bad match, he would on the present occasion, for example, have been upon his guard, and never run that risk (though as it happened it had been an imaginary one) with respect to the gardener. But Mildred was an excellent match, at all events as regarded money, and though somewhat past the flower of her youth, was in no need of suitors. She had looked on them all disdainfully, and kept herself as it were for *him*, which was pleasant to reflect upon. The very maturity of her charms was in her favor, since while she did not look five-and-twenty, she had all the gush and *abandon* of eighteen at her command at a moment's notice.

Mr. Frank Farrer much preferred her under present circumstances than when she was trying on him the arts of conversation. He felt that it was very good of her to talk to him about cub-hunting (her favorite authoress made men's sports her specialty), but it was like playing billiards with one who had never handled a cue; it was plain she knew nothing about it. Lawn tennis had long been over, the season for picnics was passed, and Frank did not care twopence for second-hand accounts of the doings of London Society; and all the sources of human interest being thus cut off, conversation was rendered very difficult to poor Mildred. To narrate what passed between these two young persons in the way of talk would be like presenting the reader with a necklace of dull glass beads; a thing absolutely worthless in itself, though the stringing of the beads together may have served to pass an idle hour, and in certain company even an agreeable one. What was significant in the interview were the tones, the looks, and the occasional caresses which, in the absence of the gardener (quite unnecessarily guaranteed by Frank), were the accompaniments. During one of these last Mildred shivered.

"Why, Milly darling, are you cold?"

"No," she said, with a light laugh; "I think a goose must have been walking over my grave."

"Happy goose!" replied he, with some vague idea that he was not only paying a compliment, but, making an epigram, and patting her cheek softly.

She would have avoided such endearments if she could, but these tender attentions once encouraged in a young gentleman (and she had been wont to encourage them) are apt to recur, and in geometrical progression.

"What a complete success your mother's ball was last week," observed Mildred, in hopes to make a diversion, and also to gain time. The twenty minutes had long been over at the expiration of which Sir Peter had promised to make his appearance, and filial instinct had never asserted itself within her so strongly. Why did her father leave her with this maudlin fool so long?

"My mother's ball! Why, that's a very old story—matter of history by this time. I've told you twenty times how well you looked at it."

"You have told me so, but I am not sure that you really thought so. No, you sha'n't, sir" (he was trying to get possession of her hand, presumably to squeeze it), "till you tell me why you were so cross before supper."

"One always is cross before supper, Milly."

"Yes, but you were not cross in that way; you were *distrait;* thinking of something else than what I was saying to you; perhaps of some absent person. It has been upon my mind ever since."

Mr. Frank Farrer had that sort of a complexion that blushes in deeper and deeper tints; it had grown scarlet through the influence of the tender emotion and in his struggle to secure Milly's hand, but it now became purple.

"I don't know what you mean, Milly."

His tone was unmistakably sulky, his narrow forehead had a pucker in it, where there should have been a frown.

"Yes, you do, sir."

"Well, and what if I do?" he answered, resentfully. "I thought it was understood between us that by-gones should be by-gones. Of course I was sorry that Clare could not be at the ball, because—because of the reason that prevented her."

Whatever were Frank Farrer's faults, nature had never intended him for a liar. The falsehood to which he had just given utterance was so transparent that the very hesitation in his speech showed the ingenuousness of his mind.

"Oh, I see," said Mildred, gravely: "you were so cut up about poor Mr. Lyster's illness."

"Yes, that was it," replied the young man, naïvely; "you see, I had been to call at Oak Lodge that very day."

"To try and persuade Clare to come to the ball, I suppose."

"Yes; my mother sent me; she did, upon my life and soul!"

Milly's object had been effected, the diversion had been made, and she was by no means anxious that Frank should protest too solemnly that Clare Lyster was now nothing to him. He had done so already on more than one occasion, so that there was no necessity for such an assurance. It had then been her rôle to draw him on to a declaration of his devotion to herself; but circumstances had now altered, and her tactics had to be changed with them.

"No one can blame you for trying to get Clare Lyster to your ball," she said, frankly; "she is an ornament not easily spared."

"It is very plucky—I mean generous—of you to say so, Milly. I used to think you were rather hard on Clare; called her a tomboy and things."

"If I did, it was only in fun, Frank. Why, we are fast friends."

"Ah! that's just it," said Frank, cunningly. "You gals—why, dear me, it's like an All's Fair Steeple Chase, you run down one another so."

"But I think Clare charming, my dear Frank—I mean even to look at, for every one admits how good and clever she is. Her eyes are lovely, and her figure perfection."

"By Jingo! yes; and I don't mind her short hair; it makes her look—I mean so far—like a page in a pantomime, and they are always so pretty. Now *your* style is quite different," he added, hastily, alarmed lest his enthusiasm had carried him too far, "and—and—in some ways very superior."

Mildred rose and made him a stately courtesy, which increased his confusion.

At the same moment Sir Peter entered.

"I hope I don't intrude," was the quotation with which he greeted the unhappy young man, eked out by a significant twinkle of the eyes, which completed his discomfiture.

"Oh no, indeed," stammered Frank; "I assure you we were doing nothing particular."

"No doubt, no doubt," observed Sir Peter, slyly; indeed, until the idea of his daughter marrying Mr. Frank Farrer had entered his head, he had always thought him the greatest idler and ignoramus in human form; that "nothing particular" was, in short, the very rôle for him.

"Oh, but we really weren't, Sir Peter," pleaded the wretched youth; "we were talking—dear me—what was it about, Milly? Yes, about Mr. Lyster. You know he's very bad, Sir Peter."

It was probable that Sir Peter, being Mr. Lyster's near neighbor and partner of twenty years' standing, was quite as well aware of the fact of his indisposition as Mr. Farrer was, who lived half a dozen miles away; but the fact was, the young gentleman had lost his head, without which (though some averred the contrary) he could not get on as well as with it.

The worthy knight, as a self-made man of very perfect construction, and his future father-in-law, excited his wonder and almost alarm, as though he had been suddenly brought into close connection with some complicated and dangerous piece of machinery. He didn't understand him in the least, but strove to conciliate him by feeble conversational efforts, which had about as much effect as a softish brush would have had upon a locomotive.

To my eye there are few spectacles more painful than the endeavors of a weak-minded man to recommend himself to one he deems his superior, or of whom he stands in dread, by small-talk. He seems to be aware that every observation he makes is a failure, which sinks him deeper and deeper into the slough of embarrassment, and yet he *will* go on as though these offerings at the shrine of superior wisdom and power had been accepted.

There had been a time when Sir Peter had no scruple in squashing with elephantine tread his young friend's rudimentary eloquence, but it had now become worth his while to encourage it.

"I know Mr. Lyster is ill, my lad, of course," he now observed, with a sort of serene pity, "but you have heard of no new symptoms in the case, have you?"

"Well, yes; you see, I have been in London for the last two days—have I not, Mildred?"

This fact being corroborated, Mr. Frank Farrer turned very red, as though his visit to town had been connected with some trouble with the police, to which it was most imprudent to have alluded, and began nervously to tap his teeth, and look for his horse between his knees. The fact was, in his confusion and flurry, he had clean forgotten what he was going to say.

"And did you meet any one in town who knew Mr. Lyster?" suggested Mildred, sweetly.

"That's just what I did," exclaimed the young man, delightedly. "Yes, that was it; I met, out at dinner, a Dr. Bell, who had been down here to see him."

"Yes, yes, the London 'opinion'; I have heard of that," said Sir Peter, with interest. "It was so like Lyster to send for him without telling a soul; but Dickson found it out. I believe the other man wrote to him, though he was rather close upon that point. These doctors tell one another all about us, but they don't tell *us*."

"Oh! but Dr. Bell told me all about Mr. Lyster," observed Frank, with importance.

"The deuce he did!" exclaimed Sir Peter, surprised into a tone so unstudied that it seemed to imply, "Then, if he told *you*, he must have told everybody."

"Yes, he was very confidential and communicative indeed; asked me whether Mr. Lyster was thought to be a rich man, and all sorts of questions."

Sir Peter threw a significant glance at his daughter, from which she gathered that the operation of pumping this unexpectedly interesting young man was to be continued by herself.

"But it seems to me, my dear Frank," she said, "that the confidential communications between yourself and Dr. Bell were all on one side. What did he tell you? Why did he want to know whether Mr. Lyster was rich?"

"Well, I suppose he was curious to know what he would cut up for: one always likes to know that, you know;" and Mr. Farrer glanced instinctively at Sir Peter, concerning whose post-mortem affairs the young man's parents had often indulged within his hearing in the liveliest speculations.

"Then Dr. Bell thought that poor Lyster was not long for this world, did he?" inquired Sir Peter, with an air befitting the gravity of the subject, but with his head on one side to catch the reply, and a cunning look in his eye, such as one sees in predatory birds like the raven and the magpie, which somewhat belied it.

"He did not say that—no. I'll tell you exactly what he did say. The fact is, I totted it down, because I thought it would be a satisfaction to you."

"You are a deuced intelligent fellow, Frank," said Sir Peter, with enthusiasm.

"And very kind and thoughtful," added Mildred, to whose ear her father's tone had too much of surprise in it. Frank, however, never doubted but that a compliment had been paid to him, and went on, much pleased, with his narrative:

"Dr. Bell was a very quiet, gentlemanly fellow, very, and for a learned man not at all stuck up in his manner; and when I asked him point-blank what he thought of poor Mr. Lyster's case, he told me—"

"Well, yes, and what did he tell you, lad?" inquired Sir Peter, a little impatiently.

"Well, he said—these were his very words—'Your friend Mr. Lyster, young man, is very seriously ill. As to whether he will last into next year, I can tell you this—'"

Sir Peter's eyes grew big as gooseberries in the silly season, in his earnest intentness.

"Well, lad, well?"

"'I can tell you *this*; it all depends. If his constitution is strong enough, he will do it; and if it is not strong enough, he will not do it.' Yes, that was it," added Frank, in self-corroboration of having quoted the oracle with complete correctness; "those were his very words."

"And that was all that passed, was it?" inquired the knight, after a long pause.

"Well, yes, Sir Peter, except that Dr. Bell took a great quantity of snuff between every sentence, and dropped it all over the place."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ATLANTA FAIR.

On the 5th of this month the International Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Georgia, was opened with appropriate ceremonies and distinguished success. In tracing the history of this exhibition, the advantages to be derived by the South from holding such an exposition were first suggested in August of last year by the Hon. Edward Atkinson, of Boston. Having visited the various cotton mills in Georgia and the Carolinas, Mr. Atkinson brought specially into notice the fact that, growing as they did the cotton, these Southern States ought to manufacture for themselves the materials derivable from their products. In order to present, then, in their best light, the vast and varied agricultural wealth of the South, this same gentleman impressed on Southern people the necessity of holding such an exhibition of national industry. While two or three Southern cities were hesitating as to the feasibility of such a thing, Atlanta, with its 40,000 inhabitants, stepped to the front, and such was the zeal and industry exhibited by the citizens of that city that very soon the enterprise was fully under way. A company was formed, with Senator Brown, of Georgia, as its president, who, on his resignation two months ago, was succeeded by Governor Colquitt. On Mr. H. I. Kimball, who has worked hard for the development of Atlanta, devolved the difficult task of procuring funds for the erection of a suitable building, and for the carrying out of the general plans of the exhibition. Atlanta having subscribed not less than $30,000—a very large amount for her population—New York was not behind-hand, having given $40,000, Boston, $10,000, Baltimore, $8000, Philadelphia, $12,000, and other Northern and Western cities in proportion. From all subscriptions $150,000 was at first received; but as soon as the demands for space were received, coming from all sections of the country, further extension of buildings became necessary, with additional cost, when $50,000 more was quickly obtained.

The building in which the exposition is held is situated at Oglethorpe Park, just beyond the limits of Atlanta. The main building, where the machinery is placed, is of very great size, one of its cross sections being 720 feet long by 80 wide, and the other 400 by 80. This was the original plan of this building, but not less than 1800 distinct entries having been made, it became necessary to make annexes, and two additions have been built, one 100 feet square, and another 180 by 70. One most original feature of this exhibition, which has been perhaps never attempted before, is the sight of such crops growing on the grounds as cotton, sugar-cane, rice, and other agricultural products peculiar to the South. Such is the apparent completeness of this industrial exhibition, that with the raw material growing, and perfected machinery being in running order in the building, it is proposed that on the morning of a certain day the cotton bolls shall be plucked from the plant, ginned, made into thread, and then woven, so that within the twelve hours a complete suit can be fashioned of cotton material, to be worn by Senator Brown.

Perhaps there is no State in the South which presents so many special advantages for an exhibition of this kind as Georgia, nor is there a city which enjoys better facilities than Atlanta. Georgia contains within herself a wonderful variety of products. In the extreme south, where she borders on Florida, are her superb timber forests and her rice plantations. In her central portion is the finest of the Southern cotton belts. Further north than Atlanta are the higher table-lands, where the best wheat is grown. More than that, here are extensive mineral tracts of iron, and in and around Dahlonega gold and—what is not generally known—diamonds, which are found under precisely the same geological situations as in Brazil. From the olive and the orange in the south, her agricultural gamut extends to the productions of the temperate zones. As to Atlanta itself, it is the busiest, the most driving, of Southern cities. Twenty-five years ago it was nothing more than a railroad centre. Its progress dates from a year after the civil war. Some long-headed men then saw how available Atlanta was for business, and at once set to work, and very soon its importance became evident.

As to the exhibition itself, it presents all the salient features of the Centennial, for to the manufacturing departments have been added an Art and Industrial Pavilion, a Department of Minerals and Woods, a Judges' Hall, a Department of Public Comfort, and an Exposition Restaurant.

The prizes offered are of many kinds. In special weekly exhibitions the following will occur: Fruits and flowers on the 25th of October; cattle and mules, November 1; sheep and swine, November 8; bench show of dogs, November 15; poultry, November 22; and dairy products on the 29th of November.

Apart from those commercial advantages which are sure to result from this Atlanta exposition, and not secondary to them, are the feelings of good-will which the commingling of our people from the North, South, East, and West will surely engender.

THE MAYOR AND THE TENEMENTS.

Mayor Grace attacks the tenement-house problem with that rarest of weapons, common-sense. He has begun a series of visits to the various quarters of the city where tenements abound, determined to see for himself what are the evils actually to be found there, and what may be done to abate them. As there are some twenty-one thousand houses in the city classed under the head of tenements, it is plain that his Honor will be obliged to confine himself to what may be called specimen houses. Our readers will find in this week's issue some illustrations of what the Mayor has already discovered in the trips that he has made. Unfortunately it does not take long for one who is inclined to get sight of a vast amount of squalor, disease, suffering, and poverty.

The tenement-houses in New York may be roughly divided into the good, which are very rare, the bad, which are very common, and those which are neither very bad nor as good as they might be. The second-class tenements are by far the most numerous, and have every quality to make them unfit for human habitation. They are dingy, dirty, crowded, ill lighted, unventilated, and unsafe. The rooms are small, and generally dark, the stairways and corridors are narrow, the cellars are frequently damp. Sometimes fifteen and even twenty persons are crowded into a room large enough at most for three. The filth which gathers day by day is never fully removed; the walls and floors become saturated with it; the vaults are clogged, and reeking with foul odors; the light is shut out, and the air is shut in. The Mayor found one room, for instance, in such a house, where four mothers, three fathers, and seven children lived in a space eighteen by twenty-five feet in extent, with but four beds. The imagination of persons accustomed to decent homes can not realize what the life of this herd of human animals must be. That of the swine in their sty could not be dirtier or more bestial, and must be far more healthful. The house in which this room—one of many—was found belongs to a "respectable" family. Its owner collects $8 50 a month from the wretched inmates. He expends almost nothing for repairs, and his property probably nets him twice the rate returned by good houses in the upper part of the city. When he is compelled to leave this fat investment, it may be that he will be called on to settle an account which he does not now care to compute, where over against his miserable gains will be set down to his charge items of human wretchedness, deprivation, vice, and crime. And the Great Controller will see that to him at least justice is meted out in proportions which he can not deny or escape.

In this class of houses it is the young who suffer most. Born but too often of vice, their innocent blood tainted with physical and moral corruption, ill nourished, ill cared for, they fall in great numbers before the pitiless assaults made on their young lives from every corner of their wretched homes. If we are shocked that in this Christian city there should be such helpless victims, we can not deny that those who die earliest are the happiest. Every summer, when the annual heats strike the city, and hasten the flight of all who have the chance to flee, the death rate of children under five mounts day by day. Those who fall ill are penned within their narrow and noisome walls. The sovereign remedy of pure air can not reach them. The heats from which all suffer are to them far more terrible because of the exhaustion of their physical stamina by their surroundings. So "not singly but in battalions" they surrender their frail hold on life. In this tenement-house population it is only the hardiest who survive. In one sense, they are the fittest. In another sense, their strength only brings them to a career consistent with their environment; they continue the line of vice and misery from which they have sprung.

Happily there is another side to tenement-house life. Men of large hearts and of energy and intelligence have proved beyond all doubt that it is not necessary that a tenement-house shall be a moral and material pest-house in order that it shall pay a good profit. Individual owners have from time to time put up tenements which give, for less rent than is paid in the rookeries, rooms of reasonable size, conveniently arranged, light, clean, and well aired, and these decent houses have paid quite as well as the average of real estate. They are not run as reformatories at all. There is not even a profession of the philanthropy which really exists. There is simply an effort to give good dwellings at a fair rent, without sacrificing capital, and the effort has in nearly every case been singularly successful. The only conditions in renting are prompt payment, cleanliness, and decency in behavior, and these are enforced without trouble. An association of capitalists exists in the city, devoted to the practical study of the problem of good tenements. It will do great good in the long-run, for it is founded on right principles, simple, practical, and intelligent. It is a pleasant thing to see thrifty, money-making men, of the class which Mr. Grace well represents, taking up the question which thirty years since the poet Tennyson proposed in England:

> "How best to help the slender store,
> How mend the dwellings, of the poor."

SOME OF OUR FRENCH GUESTS.

On page 692 our readers will find the portraits of a number of our French guests, who have come to this country to take part in the Yorktown celebration. The first is that of Commandant Lichtenstein, an officer of cavalry, who represents the President of the Republic of France. He is of Alsacian birth, and is forty-six years old. In the war of 1870 he was present at all of the terrible battles in the vicinity of Metz, where his regiment greatly distinguished itself, and soon afterward he was made a Captain, wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor. With Marshal Bazaine he went into captivity, and did not return to France until the close of the war. During four years he held a position on the staff of the Minister of War, and was then given the rank of Major in the Tenth Cuirassiers.

General Boulanger is chief of the military mission from France. "He is," says *Le Voltaire*, "the youngest and most remarkable of the general officers of our army. Born in 1837, he entered Saint-Cyr in 1855, and left it on the 1st of October, 1856, with the grade of Sous-Lieutenant of Infantry. Decorated after Magenta, he served in China as a Lieutenant, and received a very serious wound, which has never been well cured. In May, 1880, when but little more than forty-three years of age, he was named a Brigadier-General."

Colonel Hippolyte William Bassan sprang from a Dauphiny family, and was born at Amiens in 1827. He was trained at Saint-Cyr, and rose to the rank of Major in 1869 in the Second Regiment of Chasseurs of Africa. He was then Lieutenant-Colonel and finally Colonel of the Twentieth Dragoons.

At the head of the delegation from the French navy is the Chevalier De Cuverville, who holds the rank of Capitaine de Vaisseau, equivalent to that of Commodore in our navy. He is accompanied by Captain Descamps and Lieutenant Schilling.

The Marquis de Rochambeau, the Frenchman of the highest rank who has been invited to Yorktown, is an adopted son of a direct descendant of the great Marquis whose services in the cause of American independence will be celebrated at the centennial; but he bears a collateral relationship to the principal line of the family. He has already paid a visit to the United States as Commissioner of France to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

The Vicomte de Noailles belongs to one of the oldest and most distinguished families in France. He is Sous-Lieutenant in the Forty-first Regiment of French Infantry, and is the great-grandson of the Vicomte Louis Maire de Noailles, who fought in our Revolution. The present Duke de Noailles, the head of the family, is possessed of considerable literary ability, and is a member of the Academy of France.

Lieutenant De Sahune is one of the five great-grandsons of General Lafayette, all young men, and peculiarly interesting to Americans. He is a Lieutenant in the Twentieth Dragoons.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

One of the jurymen drawn to serve in a murder trial in Warren County, this State, averred that he took no newspaper, did not know who was Governor of the State or who was Lieutenant-Governor, and had forgotten who was the Assemblyman from his district. He was promptly accepted. It seems a pity, however, to use him in a comparatively unimportant case; it is like taking a new scroll of parchment for the purpose of making a memorandum. Before long a celebrated case may come up in Warren County in which a juryman with such a splendidly blank intellect would be of untold value.

A new car on the Shawmut Avenue and Dudley Street line, in Boston, has been named the General B. F. Butler. The Shawmut Avenue and Dudley Street line does not run through Beacon Street.

A chair on wheels for moving invalids between the trains and the entrances to the building has been bought by the Boston and Providence Railroad Company for use in its Boston dépôt.

At the funeral service for President Garfield in Medway, Massachusetts, was an old gentleman in his ninety-third year, who was present at the funeral of George Washington. The chronicler adds that he is still vigorous both mentally and physically, but omits to state how many cords of stove wood he can cut, split, and pile before breakfast.

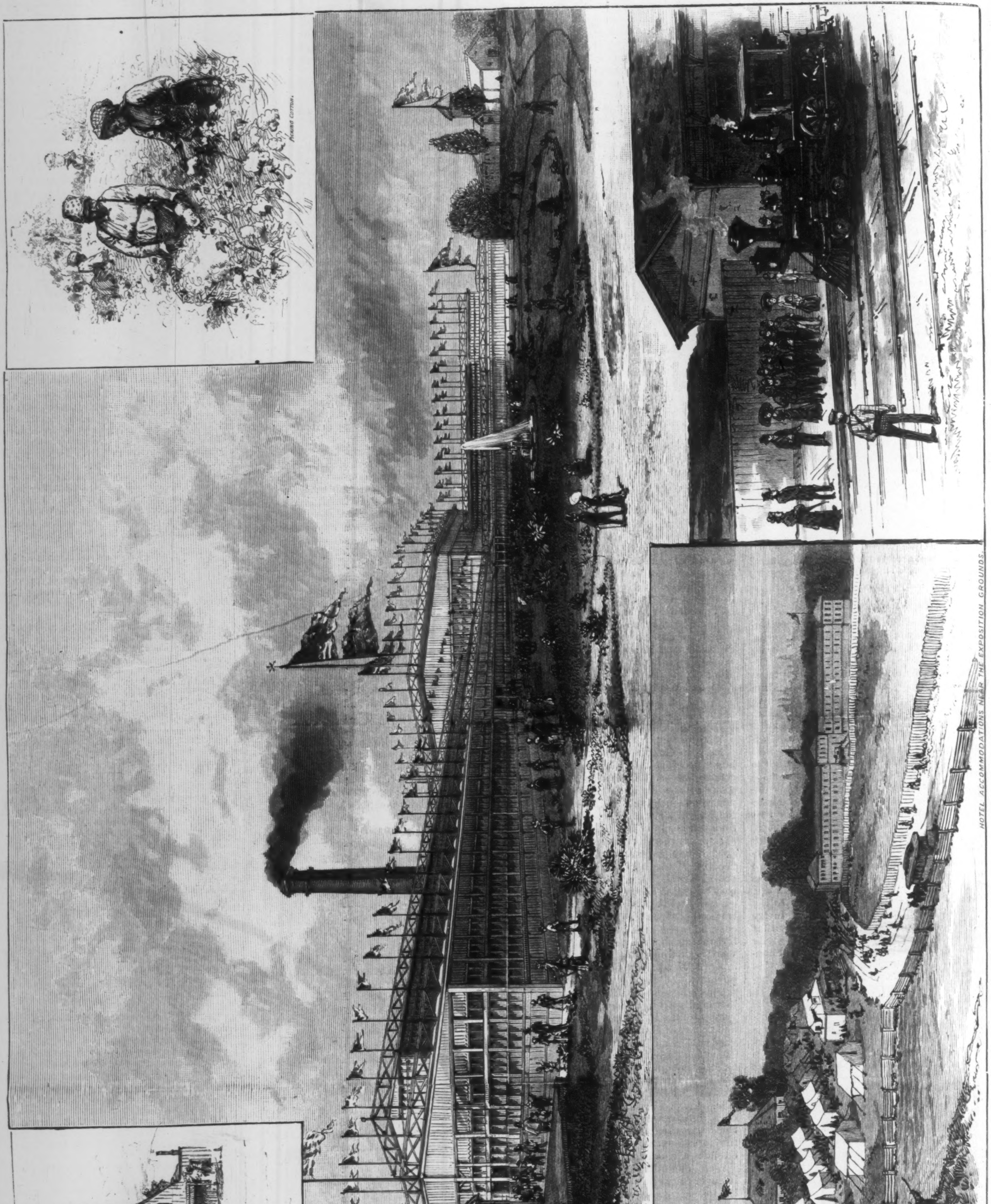
If the visiting cutter *Madge* succeeds in defeating everything that is brought out against her in this country—as she has up to this writing—perhaps the Fair Haven (Connecticut) oystermen will dump the shells out of their twenty-five dollar "sharpies," and sail her a match before the wind on the Quinnipiac, for the glory of American yachting.

A judge in Erie, Pennsylvania, has decided that spiritualism is a religion, and that its exponents are entitled to all the privileges enjoyed by clergymen. But it is hardly probable that the mediums will rise up and demand the privilege of having their homes invaded by donation parties who shall devour their winter's supply of provisions, and leave in lieu thereof an assortment of indigestible pincushions, dressing-gowns, and cloth slippers.

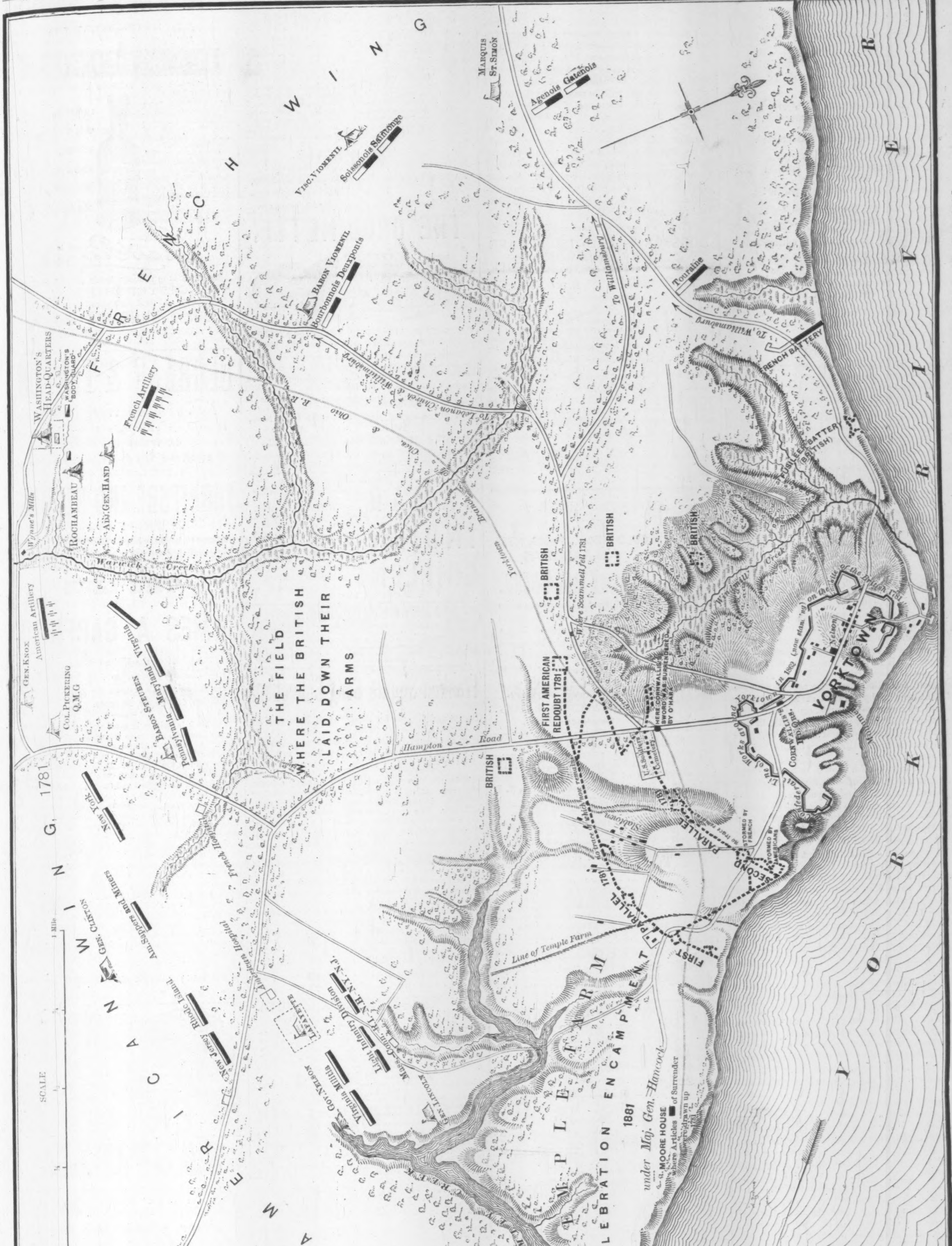
Another instance of the efficiency of the Cincinnati police has come to light. A gentleman at the exposition in that city found that his watch had disappeared while he was pressing through a crowd in one of the corridors. He reported his loss to the police, and in less than an hour afterward an aged countryman backed up to a policeman and asked him to see what it was that had been hanging to his coat in the rear, and thumping him as he walked. It proved to be the missing watch, the chain of which was fastened around a button of the old man's coat.

A stalwart young Indian appeared the other day in a village of Canada, accompanied by a dusky maiden to whom he wished to be married. Just before the ceremony was begun, the young woman changed her mind. Then the young brave sent her to bring the wedding presents he had given her, and it took just two hours for him to confer them and his name on a less fickle squaw.

An illustrated weekly published in Paris has devoted a number to some "original views," illustrating incidents of Mlle. Bernhardt's tour in the United States. One of these pictures is of the reception of the actress by the army and senate of Philadelphia. "Guns of enormous calibre are fired by Americans attired in marvellous uniforms, and bearing a strong facial resemblance to the type of Tammany politician made popular by Nast," says a writer who has seen the pictures. In another picture Bernhardt is in the act of receiving the keys of Chicago from the Lord Mayor and senate of that city. In yet another she is represented as playing *Phèdre* to an audience of Comanches and their squaws in the Royal Theatre at Saratoga, for her success on which occasion she is unanimously proclaimed cacique of the tribe.



THE ATLANTA INTERNATIONAL COTTON EXPOSITION.—FROM SKETCHES BY HORACE BRADLEY.—[SEE PAGE 699.]



PLAN OF YORKTOWN AND VICINITY, SHOWING THE HISTORICAL SITES OF 1781, AND THE CELEBRATION GROUNDS OF 1881.—FROM OFFICIAL SURVEYS AND MAPS.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

A SUMMER BIRD.

She was a lady of the town,
  And he a simple country lad;
But on his suit she did not frown,
  And—ah, poor soul!—his heart was glad.

She came when summer birds were singing—
  Herself a bird—ah, none so fair!—
All light and joy and music bringing
  Into the sober country air.

He saw her first one rosy morn
  Beside a sweet-brier, sore distressed;
For, oh, a keen and cruel thorn
  Deep in her tender palm was pressed.

With skillful hand the thorn he drew,
  And bound the wound with kerchief fast:
Ah, simple lad! he little knew
  The thorn into his soul had passed!

For when into her heavenly eyes,
  With tears suffused, he shyly glanced,
His thought flew upward to the skies,
  With sudden, rapturous hope entranced.

But she—oh, cruel lady!—smiled
  As o'er him flamed the sudden joy;
For many a heart had she beguiled,
  To spurn it, like a broken toy.

Now, day by day, through meadows fair,
  And o'er the hill-sides, verdure-clad,
They idly roamed, a happy pair,
  For she was kind, and he was glad.

But swift the blissful hours flew by;
  The summer ripened to decay;
The chill autumnal days drew nigh;
  The birds sang low their parting lay;

And she—oh, bird of beauty rare!—
  Sang sweetly too her parting song;
And on the sober country air
  The tender music lingered long.

Then, in the deepening twilight gray,
  His tale of love again he told:
With mocking smile she turned away,
  And left him 'mid the shadows cold.

Ah, summer songsters come and go,
  And years fade slowly into years,
But still, at twilight, sweet and low,
  Her tender parting song he hears.

THE YORKTOWN FIELD.

The elaborate plan of Yorktown, Virginia, and its surroundings, presented on page 701, will give the reader a faithful view not only of the historic field, with the works and encampments of 1781, but also its present appearance, with the grounds on which the forth-coming celebration will be held. Having been compiled from the recent surveys of that region by officers of the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, and from original maps of the siege—French, British, and American—it may be regarded as a valuable contribution to the literature of the centennial anniversary.

The village of Yorktown is a small and decrepit affair, little reminding the visitor of its colonial thrift and importance. It has been the scene of two sieges, which are its only claims to public notice. With a few exceptions, the defenses built by Cornwallis around the place do not exist, the Confederate engineers in the last war having thrown up their own lines on the same site. These still loom up, as represented on the diagram, in a decaying condition, and are the only fortifications to be seen anywhere on the field, with the exception of some of M'Clellan's approaches, a mile or more to the east and south. The redoubts and parallels of the Americans and French in 1781 long since disappeared, having been levelled first by Washington's order, and then ploughed over by the farmers many times since; but with the assistance of the accurate military plans made at the time, and landmarks still preserved, they can be traced to-day with remarkable precision. One of the most interesting spots is the site of Washington's head-quarters, which stood about two and a half miles directly back of Yorktown. He occupied a house on what was afterward known as Colonel Jack Wayne's estate, and which has retained the name of the "Washington Lodge" since the siege. The original house was destroyed by fire during the war of the rebellion, and has been replaced by another, now occupied by Mr. Jones, the descendant of a Virginia Revolutionary soldier. Rochambeau's quarters stood a short distance east of it. The field of the surrender, the spot where Scammell was mortally wounded, and the encampments of the French and American wings can be clearly marked, and the engineers in charge of the celebration preparations purpose to have sign-posts set up to direct the visitors to most of these points.

Temple Farm, as shown on the plan, is a large and sufficiently level plateau admirably adapted for the encampment of troops. Here the various State regiments that attend the celebration will be assigned to positions, and tents put up for them by the government. Tents will also be arranged for the Governors of States, for the Masonic fraternity—who take the principal part in the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the government monument—and for officials and invited guests. General Hancock, under whose command the government has placed the encampment, will also go into field quarters with the troops.

The proposed monument is to occupy a site purchased by the United States, and when completed will be worthy of the event it is designed to commemorate. Overlooking the York River, and visible far down the Chesapeake Bay, it will stand, like the Bunker Hill Monument, at the very coast, to remind the nations of the proper fate of an unjust invasion, and of unlawful encroachments upon popular rights. Its site is marked on the map, on which several other points of interest besides those mentioned here are indicated.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
FOR AGED PERSONS.

I have found Horsford's Acid Phosphate to act very kindly in aged persons.
—[*Adv.*] Toledo, O. M. H. Palmer, M.D.

It is the height of folly to wait until you are in bed with disease you may not get over for months, when you can be cured during the early symptoms by Parker's Ginger Tonic. We have known the sickliest families made the healthiest by a timely use of this medicine.—[*Adv.*]

We will admit that most Face Lotions are injurious, but Riker's Cream of Roses is a bright exception. Indorsed by all the leading lyric and dramatic artistes and the medical profession. Sold everywhere at 50c. per bottle.—[*Com.*]

Deserving articles are always appreciated. The cleanliness of Parker's Hair Balsam makes it popular. Gray hairs are impossible with its occasional use.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of oil has been removed. It is a delicious drink, nourishing and strengthening; easily digested; admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
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Dorchester, Mass.

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FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
Office, 5 and 7 John St., N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICES { 1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.
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Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments. *Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c.*, of *all fabrics*, and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping*.
Gentlemen's Garments, *cleaned or dyed whole*.
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Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods. Goods received and returned by express or by mail.
BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders. Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. 347 Broome St., N.Y. Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

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China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.
Also, THE CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE CO.'S
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
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Sole Agents in the United States.

To EVERY READER of this PAPER
We have just purchased the entire stock of Watches of the bankrupt firm of Parker Holcomb & Co., consisting of some 25,000 NICKEL, GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, at much less than cost. Among the Stock are 17,000 SOLID NICKEL STEM WINDING WATCHES, which we wish to dispose of at once, and make the following liberal offer.
Upon receipt of $4.00 we will mail, post paid, one of these Solid Nickel Stem Winding Watches, the retail price of which has always been from $7 to $10 in this City.
They are good time-keepers, flat, heavy crystal, and never change color. The Price we offer them at is less than the Wholesale price; but as a further inducement and in order to introduce our goods and publications in your vicinity, we will send you in addition to the Watch, The ILLUSTRATED HOUSEHOLD GUEST MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR, containing 48 PAGES of Choice reading matter, and FINE ILLUSTRATIONS. The regular subscription Price is $1.50 per year. We will also mail a fine portrait engraving of our lamented and LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD, size 19x24. For $1.00 extra we will send an Elegant Gold-Plated (curb-pattern) vest chain worth at retail $2.50.
REMEMBER.—FOR FOUR DOLLARS we send the Stem Winding Watch, The Household Guest Magazine One Year, and a Splendid Engraving of OUR LATE PRESIDENT. This makes the Watch cost you a mere trifle.
This offer could not be made were it not for the fact that we bought the Watches at one-half cost of manufacture.
This Watch will sell readily for $10. Order now. Money can be sent by Registerd letter or Money order at our risk.
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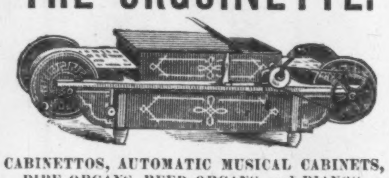
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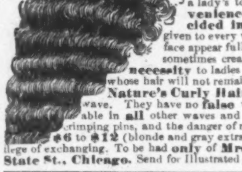
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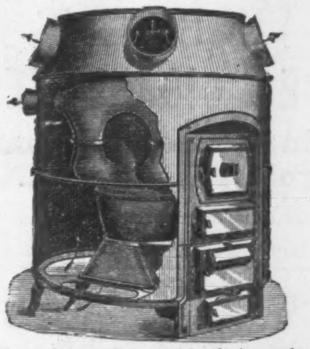

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